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News of the Week

THE proposals for perpetual peace which the United States Government has addressed directly to France and indirectly to the whole world deserve all the attention they are receiving. The fact that they are expressed in language which puzzles the Chanceries rather adds to the interest of this new and important move. Mr. Kellogg, in his Note to the French Government—the text of which was published in the newspapers on Thursday—speaks of his scheme for outlawing war indifferently as a "declaration" and as a "multi-lateral Treaty." To diplomatically trained Europe it seems that the plan may be either, but cannot possibly be both. In these circumstances it is necessary to wait for more information before it will be possible to pronounce an exact judgment; but we must say at once that we welcome any and every attempt at spreading the spirit and the guarantees of peace. Sincerity is a good enough passport.

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In a leading article we have discussed the difficulties of the American proposal as they appear to France. It would be the worst possible service to peace to pretend that these difficulties do not exist. In brief, the French feeling (which lies behind all detailed objections) is that America is always acting like the juryman who holds out against his eleven colleagues and tries to knock some sense into their heads. As Mr. H. Wilson Harris points out in the *Daily News*, no sooner had the League drawn up an agenda for disarmament than America projected her plan for the Naval Conference, and no sooner has the League entered upon a study of arbitration as the best approach to security, than America projects her own scheme of security, which seems likely to collide with ideas already accepted by the League and with ideas to which the League is already inclined. America has refused even to send an "observer" to the League's Security and Arbitration Committee. Italy sees egotism in all this. France more practically and politely asks whether the real solution is not that America should join the League and prevent this overlapping and working at cross purposes.

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Personally we are convinced that a complete organization of All-in Arbitration Treaties is the first necessary step. Will America help? We have no right whatever to say on the present evidence that she will not. Her peace-loving habit of mind is evident. The Covenant provides for the very things which America is now inviting us to study. And will America really go to the length of agreeing that *all* questions shall be submitted to arbitration? What about the Senate? What about Congress? France and Germany, for all their alleged backwardness, have agreed to unreserved arbitration in the Locarno Treaties. There are corresponding Treaties among other European States. The way is clear. Will America take the road with us? Or does she invite us all to go back to the beginning and make a fresh start?

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The determination of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress and of the group of employers headed by Sir Alfred Mond to open their Conference as soon as possible is an excellent pledge of earnestness. The first meeting is fixed for Thursday, January 12th, and will be at the Royal Society, Burlington House—neutral territory. When the General Council appointed a sub-committee to advise upon subjects for discussion, very few people expected that the Conference could meet before February or March. In order to be able to name such an early date as January 12th, the sub-committee must have been busy during the holidays. The first full Conference, which will be rather unwieldly, as all the members of the General Council of the T.U.C. propose to be present, is not likely to do more than agree upon a general programme. A Joint Sub-Committee must almost necessarily be appointed.

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Then the real work will begin and quick results must not be expected. Very delicate work requires very delicate consideration. Presumably all those employers who have allied themselves with Sir Alfred Mond believe in his methods of improving the security and status of the wage-earner and making him generally free of information

about the condition and progress of the firm for which he works. The apparatus of conciliation will undoubtedly have to be left to individual industries; there is no conceivable machinery which can be used universally. It is well known that the General Council has to put up with much bitter criticism, though for the time being it is able successfully to ignore Mr. Cook and his friends. Similarly, Sir Alfred Mond's group, though very powerful, is not wholly representative.

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There are rumours of an approaching strike or lock-out in the engineering industry. It is significant that the engineering employers are said to be less sympathetic towards Sir Alfred Mond than the employers of any other industry. It would be a gross injustice, however, if an open dispute in the engineering industry should cause the Mond Conference to be accused of futility. The task before Conference will be rather a long one and it cannot be performed in time to affect any dispute in the next few weeks. What is certain is that ultimate agreement at the Mond Conference will be an event of great and perhaps unparalleled importance.

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Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has done a very useful thing in addressing a message to India about the Commission. He explains that he has nothing to regret in having advised the Labour Party to accept the scheme of a purely Parliamentary Commission :—

"The party believes in Parliaments and does not believe in bureaucracies. It cannot understand how the Indian movement for national self-respect and self-determination prefers to be represented by the nominees of a bureaucracy in London (as would be the case had a Royal Commission been appointed) to doing its work by a committee of its own, appointed by its own Parliament. It is that fundamental position which has determined the attitude of the Labour Party in this matter."

The idea of the Labour Party is, of course, that a Commission of Indians should receive equal recognition with the Parliamentary Commission presided over by Sir John Simon and that in India they could have joint sessions. This idea was elaborated by the Labour Party Conference at Blackpool. "People who tell you," says Mr. MacDonald in his message, "that we are departing from the Blackpool resolution are prevaricating and misleading you."

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We are glad to see that the *Daily Herald* supports Mr. MacDonald though he is being vehemently accused of treachery by the Independent Labour Party. Meanwhile, though there is still much talk about boycotting the Simon Commission in India, there have been disagreements among the boycotters and on the whole the movement is weaker rather than stronger. For example, though the Liberals have passed a boycotting resolution, there are many Liberals in both Bengal and Madras who regret this policy. They would have preferred merely to protest against the personnel of the Simon Commission. It should be noted that the Liberal resolution does not go nearly so far as the Swarajist resolution. The Swarajists declare roundly that the British Parliament has no right whatever to frame a constitution for India, whereas the Liberals do not dispute that right.

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Most non-Brahmins and the whole of the depressed classes naturally will have nothing to say to the plan of boycott. They have much to gain and nothing to lose from the Simon Commission. A definite split has also been revealed in the Moslem League. Moslems of the North have met at Lahore and the others at Calcutta. The Calcutta Conference approved of boycott, but the Northern Conference took exactly the opposite side and paid the penalty by being disowned by Calcutta.

Sir John Simon has stated that the first visit of the Parliamentary Commission to India will be devoted to a general study of the situation. It may yet be possible to convince Indians that such a mixed Commission as they propose would entail the presence of many hundreds of representatives and that for that reason alone it would be impracticable. In any case there is a prospect of the boycott policy completely breaking down in practice. There are a great many groups in India who will be extremely anxious to lay their opinions and grievances before the Simon Commission. Is it to be supposed that when the boycotters see the ground being usefully occupied by their enemies they will still refrain from asserting themselves? We can hardly believe it.

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A reverse to the American Marines in Nicaragua has come at an unfortunate moment, as the Pan-American Conference is about to meet at Havana. This Conference is being taken very seriously by the State Department at Washington. Strong representatives are being sent in order that the American case may be well presented. The fact is that there are internal aspects of the Monroe Doctrine which make the Republics of Central and South America look upon it very differently from Americans or even Europeans, who accept it as a calming and settling influence. The Central American Republics in particular are apt to argue that the solidity and peace of the Western hemisphere is maintained only by the rough domination of the United States. President Diaz of Nicaragua is kept in office by the help of the United States Marines. He will be represented at the Havana Conference, but so also will the insurgents. Therefore the American reverse in Nicaragua, which in ordinary times would have had few repercussions, may become a matter of considerable importance.

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The reverse occurred on Friday, December 30th. Two hundred Marines were marching with two hundred Nicaraguan National Guards when they were ambushed in a narrow defile. Englishmen whose memories go back to the Boer War will understand exactly what happened. The Americans could not see their enemy and were sniped with automatic rifles and machine guns. It is said that dynamite grenades were also thrown. The survivors who escaped from the defile were besieged at a place called Quilali, where they were relieved on Monday by other American Marines and Nicaraguan National Guards. The relieving force discovered an unexpectedly high quality in the discipline and marksmanship of the Nicaraguan insurgents. The New York correspondent of the *Times* says that General Sandino, the insurgent leader, is reported to be living in an abandoned gold mine, where he is carefully protected. Again one is reminded of the Boer War and of all that we heard about the disinclination for fighting of the Boer leaders. Nevertheless they kept a war going which harassed the Empire for nearly three years. If General Sandino is not responsible for the merits of his insurgents it is certain that somebody must be.

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It is satisfactory that Mr. Kellogg, the American Secretary of State, has formally denied the ridiculous rumour that the British Navy has raised the elevation of guns contrary to the Washington agreement. The rumour, of course, had no foundation whatever. It was convenient to the Big Navy party in the United States, and the denials from Great Britain were unable to check it. It died down at the time of the Geneva Conference, only to become more vigorous than ever when the Conference failed. We often hoped that the State Department would not stand on a punctilio and

remain silent on the ground that a Press campaign did not amount to an "international question."

* * *

Last Sunday the Ordinance abolishing slavery in the Protectorate of Sierra Leone came into force. Lest there should still be misunderstanding, it is perhaps worth while to repeat that slavery was never recognized in the Colony of Sierra Leone; it existed only in the Protectorate, where the Colony had but a loose control over native custom. Even in the Protectorate the custom was gradually being broken down. A recent case, however, in which the Court of Appeal in the Colony felt compelled—acting on a strict interpretation of the law—to give judgment in favour of a native owner who claimed runaway slaves, proved that the Ordinance dealing with slavery in the Protectorate had been badly drafted. The surprise and consternation expressed throughout the Empire caused the Government of Sierra Leone to amend the faulty Ordinance with the most creditable promptitude. Slavery within the Protectorate is unreservedly abolished and no owner is entitled to compensation. It is thought that a large number of slaves who are hardly conscious of their slavery will not claim their freedom. It is said that if there should be any considerable transference of labour from some districts to others, owing to the operation of the Ordinance, the authorities of the Colony will watch over the process benevolently and perhaps help to settle the new freemen on lands of their own.

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The Departmental Committee who inquired into the Shops Acts have issued their Report. These Acts were part of the general working of the Defence of the Realm Acts (generally known as D.O.R.A.), and they were, of course, a necessary contribution to national efficiency and endurance during the War. Even for some time after the War everyone gladly accepted restrictions upon unnecessary labour and upon the consumption of luxuries. But D.O.R.A. had outgrown most of her usefulness and had, as a matter of fact, become intensely irritating. Why should the prohibition in theatres upon selling cigarettes after eight o'clock and sweets after nine o'clock have been continued for so long? It was not as though a deserving class of people were being saved from excessive hours of labour; the staffs of theatres have to be in attendance in any case. The Committee recommend that the embargo should be raised. The only objectors are retail tobacconists and confectioners, whose grievance cannot be seriously supported.

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The Committee also recommend that the hours of sales should be extended for newspapers, for meals to be consumed on the premises, and for newly cooked provisions to be consumed off the premises. A good side of D.O.R.A. was the reduction of excessively long shop hours, and this shortening ought, of course, to be perpetuated. The Committee think that 8 p.m. should be fixed as the general closing hour, but, of course, most shops would normally close before then. The Report seems to be sensible, and we hope that it will be made the basis of the necessary legislation.

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Last Sunday was the day appointed under the Railways Act of 1921 for inaugurating the second of the two stages described in the Act. The first stage was the mere concentration of the railway companies into four groups. The planning of the second stage was much more intricate and several years of experience were needed before it was possible to come to conclusions. The duty of fixing railway charges, whether "standard" or "exceptional," now passes officially from Parliament to the Railway Rates Tribunal. Under the Railways Act enough revenue to pay small dividends is virtually guaranteed to the railways. It will be most interesting to see whether the estimates of the Tribunal are pretty near the mark. The prices of season tickets are still well below the permitted maximum, even though they seem high. Perhaps the principal point to observe is that railway finance has now become so much more than formerly a statutory business that it is to the interest of all traders, and indeed the whole nation, to feed the railways with goods and passengers.

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Last Sunday the Act dealing with money-lenders came into force. Money-lenders are now forbidden to post or distribute circulars and they must no longer pass under fancy names. They generally chose names of distinction. If they do use fictitious names they must also give their real names on their documents in the same size of type. The chief loophole that remains to the money-lender is his freedom to advertise in newspapers. Most reputable papers, of course, refuse such advertisements, but all newspapers which have characters to lose ought to keep an unbroken front against the money-lender.

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The New Year Honours List included three Peers, two Privy Councillors, five Baronets and only about thirty Knights. Colonel George Gibbs, one of the new Peers, as a Government Whip and Treasurer of the Household, has been an industrious and much-liked Member of Parliament. Sir Gerald Strickland is Prime Minister of Malta, and now that he becomes a Peer the problem presented by his duplication of functions as Prime Minister of Malta and a Member of the House of Commons is incidentally solved. Sir Frederick Lugard, the other new Peer, was the famous Governor-General of Nigeria. His work in Colonial administration has been marked not only by a degree of efficiency approaching perfection but by something like a new philosophy. Among the new Knights music is represented by Mr. Edward German, the composer, and science by General H. B. Hartley.

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The very rapid thaw helped by an inopportune downpour of rain was expected to cause serious floods, and the expectation has been more than fulfilled. Probably the floods are the worst ever known. Many towns, particularly, of course, in the Thames Valley, are surrounded by miles of flood water. Much damage has been done to bridges and culverts on roads and railways. The question ought to be seriously asked whether the methods of draining off flood water are all that they might be. Those people in the North-East districts of London whose houses are submerged up to the first floor have very good reason to press the question. Last week we wrote about the Report of Lord Bledisloe's Commission on land drainage. The Report was concerned with agriculture, but it has other applications. At present there are three hundred and sixty-five drainage authorities in England and Wales. Until their functions are concentrated there will be no improvement.

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Bank Rate, 4½ per cent., changed from 5 per cent., on April 21st, 1927. War Loan (5 per cent.) was on Wednesday 101⅜; on Wednesday week 101⅛; a year ago 100⅞. Funding Loan (4 per cent.) was on Wednesday 88¼; on Wednesday week 87⅞; a year ago 85⅞. Conversion Loan (3½ per cent.) was on Wednesday 77⅛; on Wednesday week 76⅞; a year ago 75¾.

Mr. Snowden and the Independent Labour Party

THE hen which has hatched out ducks' eggs has a bewildering moment when her brood swim off upon the pond beyond her reach and indifferent to her complaints. She is a rightful object of sympathy; and so is any parent who suffers a similar shock. The Independent Labour Party has been suffering thus through several years. It is the parent of the Labour Party, and now that the Labour Party has grown vastly, and the I.L.P.'s strength is diminished, the older party runs round the pond of politics uttering piercing lamentations. But nobody can say of it that it is guilty of mere futile despondency. It plays an extraordinarily active part in inventing programmes and in forcing them upon the Labour Party. The I.L.P. will not have to blame itself if ever it is left out in the cold, for it aspires to be the chief source of original and fertilizing Socialistic ideas.

Mr. Snowden's resignation last week from the I.L.P., which he has served faithfully for thirty-four years, marks a complete upset of the balance which was held for a time between the Labour Party and the I.L.P. It is not certain yet whether the I.L.P. will be able to attract enough followers to cause a visible split in the Labour Party, or whether it will go on just abusing and trying to "ginger up" the tame Parliamentary leaders of Labour without actually causing a split. It is, at all events, remarkable that both Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Mr. Snowden have been smothered lately with acid if not venomous criticism by the *New Leader*, the organ of the I.L.P. Mr. MacDonald has not gone to the length of resigning from the I.L.P., but he has been courageous enough to say that the I.L.P. is trying to lead Labour "straight to destruction." He has warned it plainly that there is no sense in trying to make a camping place for Labour "half-way between Socialism and Communism." He cannot discover any quality of practicality or wisdom in the I.L.P.'s policy of "Socialism in our time." He is, of course, like Mr. Snowden, an unshaken believer in what Mr. Sidney Webb has called the inevitability of gradualness. He is a pure evolutionist, ardently wishing, no doubt, that the evolutionary process were quicker, but insisting all the same on the necessity of patience and on the desirability of accepting contributions to the process even though they come from political enemies.

Although the I.L.P. foresaw that Mr. Snowden would not continue his membership of the party much longer, and although its sour comment on his resignation is that he has resigned none too soon, no one need doubt that it was painful for him to cut such an old association. The Independent Labour Party was founded in 1893, and when Mr. Snowden writes of the "joyful comradeship" in the early years of the party's propaganda, he certainly means what he says. All men and women who club together to advance a cause and to make sacrifices for it know what such comradeship means. Whether the cause is wise or unwise, it is enough that they believe in it—enough that they devote to it all their strength and brains and perhaps their possessions. Wholeheartedness gives dignity to almost any cause, and a man must have lived on the plains and not on the heights of life if he has never felt such exaltation. Mr. Snowden has been chairman of the I.L.P. no fewer than six times. He has long felt, however, that when the Labour Party had been created, the I.L.P. had run its course. He has said that members of the Labour Party all over the country cannot understand why the I.L.P. still goes on either overlapping or competing with the larger comprehensive party.

The I.L.P., of course, does not agree with that. It says, in effect, that the Labour Party, led by such men as Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden, would do nothing if it was not kept up to the mark. Therefore the I.L.P., in pursuit of its object, "Socialism in our time," has tried to promote into a test question the doctrine of a living wage guaranteed by the State, has laid emphasis on the nationalization of the whole banking system of the country, and has transformed the Minority Report of the Colwyn Committee into the much more aggressive policy of the Surtax. The Minority Report laid it down that the revenue from a Surtax must be applied solely to the reduction of debt, but the I.L.P. assigned the revenue to new social services and only in a minor degree to the reduction of debt. And it actually prevailed upon the Labour Party to adopt this policy.

Poor Mr. MacDonald is in a quandary. He was less bold than Mr. Snowden, and at first he accepted the I.L.P.'s ideas of the Surtax almost entirely. Since then he has mentioned reservations, but he has never gone so far as Mr. Snowden in declaring that it is all wrong for a party to map out a Budget in advance. The acceptance by the Labour Party of the I.L.P. version of the Surtax was no doubt a very formidable fact, yet if Mr. MacDonald cannot resist formidable facts he will find when Labour is again in office that the Government are bound hand and foot by a series of Labour resolutions. If he does not struggle out of the bonds now he will not be a free man nor even a good democrat if ever he should be Prime Minister again.

Mr. Wheatley says that Mr. Snowden is no longer a Socialist, but careful onlookers will say that it is the I.L.P. that has changed, not Mr. Snowden. Mr. Snowden's case is that the I.L.P. has done what it set out to do. First it created the Labour Party, and secondly, when Labour formed a Government, it contributed almost all the Ministers. That surely gives the verdict to Mr. Snowden.

The truth is that those who have held the higher offices of Government, and expect to hold them again, have had a sobering lesson in responsibility. They have recognized at close quarters the difference between pious resolutions, such as Socialistic societies pour out from their printing presses, and the policies which those who are trustees of the safety and prosperity of the country can honestly put into operation. All this is a truism, but it is a very important one. Even if a split in the Labour Party should not come now—and personally we do not expect one soon—it is sure to come later. No Labour Government with a proper sense of caution will ever satisfy the extremists. The extremists will then break away, and the Labour moderates will accept the help of other parties in securing public safety. The net result may be that the country will have moved further towards its destiny, whatever that may be, but it will not have moved quite so far or so fast as alarmists fear.

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Arbitration and Security

THE road to Disarmament requires to be paved, not with those good intentions which proverbially lead elsewhere, but with the good solid cobble stones of Security. When there is a universal sense of security disarmament will be comparatively easy, because the haunting fear which weighs upon many nations will be relieved. One of the best methods of spreading confidence is a system of Arbitration Treaties. The ideal Arbitration Treaty is one which comes under the title of "All-In." That sort of Treaty would keep nations in the temper of peace because they would know that war, instead of being the obvious means of settling disputes, was only a very dim ultimate possibility—something that could not occur unless a whole series of unexpected things happened.

With such reflections in mind no one can help watching with both hope and anxiety the groping attempts of France and the United States to produce some new machinery of arbitration. It would appear that the American idea is the excellent one of providing an instrument which will be a model for similar treaties between the United States and as many other Powers as possible. The Washington correspondent of the *Times* says that before Mr. Kellogg drafted the memorandum which he has sent to France he consulted with the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate. That is a very important fact, as the Senate really controls foreign policy. No foreign Treaty can be ratified without a two-thirds majority in the Senate.

The Franco-American Arbitration Treaty of 1908 (Mr. Root's Treaty) will come to an end on February 27th. What is to replace it? America has proposed that the new Treaty should have a preamble declaring both countries' general detestation of war and pledging them to avoid war by every means in their power. Next (the Washington correspondent of the *Times* tells us) the new Treaty would provide a bridge with the existing Conciliation Treaties—Mr. Bryan's Treaties—by bringing under the terms of reference certain classes of dispute not included in those Treaties.

The proposed arbitration clause which is the crux of the whole matter would amend the wording of the Root Treaty. The defect of the Root Treaty is that, like other Treaties of the same sort, it excepts from arbitration disputes which affect "vital interests" or "national honour." These phrases provide such an enormous door of escape that all who please can pass through it. Almost any dispute under the sun can be said to affect vital interests or national honour. The most important question, therefore, is whether the amended phrases will contract the dimensions of that enormous exit.

It is reported that Mr. Kellogg has proposed to exclude from arbitration (1) internal matters, (2) disputes that involve a third party, and (3) questions affecting the Monroe Doctrine. We do not know whether these words can be manipulated so as to mean very little, but at their face value they are an improvement upon the old wording. Nobody, of course, wants to interfere with internal affairs strictly so called. And no sensible person wants to interfere with the Monroe Doctrine. It is desirable from everybody's point of view that the Monroe Doctrine should remain permanently untouched, for it rules out half the world from attack by the other half. But, in any case, what is proposed is not an "All-in" Arbitration Treaty.

The *Times* correspondent gives an unexpected reason for thinking that though the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate has been consulted, the Senate could not be counted upon to ratify such a Treaty as is suggested. His reason is that the Senate is alarmed lest the Arbitration Treaty should be used for bringing up the question of those debts which were incurred by certain Southern States before and during the Civil War. He says that the Southern States which have defaulted have no intention of paying individually. The only plan of which they would approve is acceptance of the obligation by the Federal Government. The Northern States would be extremely unlikely to agree to that. The very mention of it excites their indignation.

Now let us turn to France. M. Briand apparently does not smile upon what America has proposed because he discovers in it something like an alternative to the League of Nations. If America stereotyped her relations with all other countries conveniently enough by means of model treaties she might remain permanently outside the League. Naturally M. Briand is not satisfied, for he has splendidly ambitious dreams of the world finally united in a single web of peace spun by the League.

Another difficulty is that a network of Treaties all over the world "outlawing" law would clash formally with the League of Nations, which definitely contemplates the possibility of war in the shape of "sanctions" applied to a declared aggressor. In the same way Arbitration Treaties might clash with the Locarno Treaties, which contemplate war in the shape of resistance to any violation of the Treaties. Even if the United States wished to come into line with the "sanctions" she would be up against the necessity of amending her Constitution, which vests the right of declaring war in Congress.

All these difficulties must be admitted and faced. But there is a solution. If "All-In" Arbitration Treaties covering all the civilized Powers were ratified simultaneously, there would be no upsetting of any existing balance, no question of advantage or disadvantage for any nation. There would be a universal raising of the level of confidence.

The British Forces on the Rhine

OVER nine years have passed since the Armistice was signed and there are still many thousands of troops, French, Belgian and British, in the occupied areas of the Rhineland. These troops are there in accordance with the terms of the Treaty of Versailles; the final evacuation of the third zone, which includes the Mainz area, does not take place until 1935, or seven years hence. Naturally it is not for us to offer advice to France and Belgium, but we are very much concerned at the presence of British troops in the Rhineland, and we suggest to the British Government that one of their first New Year resolutions should be a decision to withdraw all British forces from Germany.

Prior to Germany's entry into the League of Nations, a good case could no doubt have been made out for the continued British occupation, which is fully authorized by the Versailles Treaty. But in international relations there is a higher authority than legal authority—the

moral law. Now that Germany is a member of the League of Nations and is taking such an active and important part at Geneva, what possible justification can there be for retaining British armed forces in the Rhineland? Much has been written lately about the creation of a new spirit in European affairs. The Locarno meeting and the Treaty of London were milestones along the road towards European stability. In the last two years there has been a welcome change of sentiment in France, and signs are not wanting that many leaders of public opinion think that the best foundation for European peace would be a Franco-German understanding. On previous occasions it has been said that, as long as the troops of our former Allies remained on German soil, the Germans would prefer the British forces to remain. Frankly we do not believe this.

The great majority of the people of Great Britain and of the people of Germany would welcome the withdrawal of the British forces. What more useful step could Great Britain take towards European peace at the present time than to withdraw the British Army of Occupation from the Rhine at the earliest possible moment? If we act promptly, we shall further the cause of better European relations and Germany is not likely to forget the fact that we were the first of the European Allies to withdraw troops from German soil. If we decide to do nothing now and to await events, we must ultimately withdraw our troops with the others and no one will say "Thank you" to us.

An ever-increasing number of statesmen, publicists and industrialists in Great Britain, France and Germany realize that the chief hope of the new Europe lies in a frank understanding between the three leading Western European nations as the chief supporters of the League of Nations. Our nation in the past has often failed to take advantage of the psychological moment in international affairs. It is for that reason that we hope that the Government will decide on an early withdrawal of the British forces. If they do they may be assured of the support of the vast majority of the British electorate, who earnestly desire a lasting peace. A Germany deprived of legitimate grievances would be one of the most potent forces in reconstructing Central Europe on a permanent and peaceful footing.

The Crime of Slavery

HULL, the "City of Wilberforce," very fittingly held a great public demonstration recently to support the almost world-wide effort now being made to abolish "Slavery in all its forms," to use the phrase incorporated in the new Slavery Convention. It is, to many, a startling discovery that, ninety-four years after the passing of the British Emancipation Act, the world should be confronted with the task of liberating some 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 slaves: and what is even more surprising is that territories under British influence—and in some places, under British administration—should have been called upon to set free 230,000 slaves within the last fifteen years; and, further, that we are committed to the task of securing in this New Year the liberty of over 215,000 slaves in the Sierra Leone Protectorate.

What do we mean by Slavery? There are, of course, many labour systems which impinge upon Slavery, but the present effort is primarily directed against the three crude forms of slavery—slave-owning, slave-trading, and slave-raiding: slave-owning, for example, in the sense that somebody holds as a property right, and can sell as an ordinary chattel, the men, women, and children who comprise the known total of from 4,000,000 to 5,000,000 slaves. The actual phrase on "property" used in the new Slavery Convention is as follows:—

"Slavery is the status or condition of a person over whom any or all of the powers attaching to the right of ownership are exercised."

It is, of course, a mistake to speak of the present systems of slavery as harmless institutions. Captain Cochrane, with his full knowledge of Abyssinia, in a dispatch to the Foreign Office confirms certain newspaper articles which described slavery in Abyssinia as one of the worst systems that have ever cursed the Continent of Africa. There is also the Report presented by the Abyssinian Government itself to the League of Nations in Geneva, in which it is shown that within the last three years 187 slave-traders, mainly in the district of the capital, have been arrested, and given fifteen years' imprisonment. Slave-trading leads to even more terrible abuses than slave-owning, and if 187 slave-traders have been captured in the vicinity of the capital, we are given a glimpse of what must be the slave-trading conditions throughout this vast Abyssinian territory.

One of the chief difficulties with regard to slavery as it is known to exist to-day, is that of obtaining information. We know, for example, upon good authority, that there are at least 2,000,000 slaves in Abyssinia. We know from a book written by a missionary with twenty years' experience that there are at least a similar number in China.* But we do not know whether the slaves in Arabia number 500,000 or 1,000,000; we only know that they represent an enormous number, and whilst the League of Nations Committee of Enquiry into Slavery disclosed the existence of one or more of the three forms of slavery in something like nineteen political areas of the world, we only have a limited knowledge of about seven of these areas.

Seldom has a more vigorous document on slavery been penned than the one forwarded by the British Government in 1926 to all States Members of the League of Nations. The central argument of this document is contained in the following passage:—

"Certain crimes are regarded as being, in a peculiar degree, crimes against the human race. His Majesty's Government consider that there is a general consensus of opinion in civilized States that the slave trade constitutes a crime of this nature. His Majesty's Government do not believe that at this date the Government of any civilized country would wish to challenge this opinion. It follows that, from this point of view, the slave trade by sea may be regarded as falling into the same category of crime as piracy."

Nobody supposes that this official effort can be put forward without forces working unobtrusively in the background. The Anti-Slavery people are happily very much in evidence, and their quiet work is making much headway in this and other countries. The late Editor of the *Spectator* was not only one of this band, but for years held a responsible position in the work, and we can only regret that, like William Wilberforce, he died just one year before the big success of his work was assured. We need make no apologies for quoting from a speech made by him some months before Sir Austen Chamberlain's famous dispatch was published. He says of slavery that it is:—

"the crime about which no excuse can be allowed—I mean the kind of excuses made for the crimes of passion or the crimes prompted by hunger and thirst, misery, folly, or ignorance. In the case of slavery there are no mitigating circumstances to be found. Slavery is the supreme offence against the human race, and it was with a sure instinct that our spiritual and physical forefathers stamped it as piracy."

The record of Great Britain in this matter must be

**The Red Theology in the Far East.* By Charles H. Coates

kept well before the thinking public of the nations. To have set free, as we shall hope to do this year, a total of 445,000 slaves in territories within our influence, is a great example, but there must be no resting on our oars. Ratification must be secured. It is encouraging to know that some fifteen Powers, and all the Colonial Powers, have already undertaken to carry out the obligations of the new Slavery Convention.

Equally important with ratification is the condition, inserted at the instigation of Dr. Nansen, that annual Reports shall be presented to the League of Nations as to the progress of abolition. But thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, the general acceptance of the British proposition that slavery is a crime in the same category as piracy, and must be dealt with as such, is essential. The late Lord Cromer never wearied in warning those associated with him in Egypt and the Sudan that until slave-owning was abolished, slave-trading would continue; and until slave-trading on the high seas is treated as piracy, the civilized world will be confronted with the impossible task of putting down slave-owning. It is characteristic of Lord Cecil that if he is beaten along one line, as he was in Geneva upon the question of piracy, he opens up another way of advance, and whilst overborne by France and Italy in 1926, he did get the consent of the delegates to the League of Nations to agree that if and when the present Slavery Convention is completely ratified, they will then proceed with a special instrument dealing with slave-trading on the high seas. But however this subject is approached, we must never surrender the principle that, as Sir Austen Chamberlain has said, slave-trading on the high seas is a crime in the same category as piracy. To public opinion belongs the task of educating and organizing an overwhelming measure of moral support for the League of Nations in this task, and it might well adopt as its slogan the ideal—The Abolition of Slavery in all its forms in this generation.

The Art of Poster Designing

WE are told that advertisement is more artistic than it used to be. That may well be true, but it is also more extensive, and the poster is its most obtrusive form. The poster permits an advertiser to pursue us in every street and in public conveyances with information we do not want couched in visual forms which are usually strident outrages on good taste—outrages which if inflicted not on our eyes but on our ears or our noses would provoke the intervention of the police. Nor, indeed, if you meet him does the advertiser betray any qualms about his title thus to persecute us. He is out to "photograph on the public mind" a foolish slogan or a hideous monogram, and it does not occur to him that, as he has not bought the public mind, it is really entitled to protection.

When I was working at Wembley, I was introduced to a prominent exhibitor who led me proudly to a stand where a baldly gigantic monogram commanded two avenues of approach. "What do you think of that?" he said; "visible fifty yards both ways! I don't reckon they can miss it."

"Hardly," I agreed, "but—excuse me—are you popular with your brother exhibitors? Because if all of them had done the same there wouldn't be many people paying for the pleasure of perambulating an enlarged general store."

He waved a contemptuous hand at his rather brightly attractive neighbours. "I have found," he said, "that my kind of advertising gets better results than this sort of thing." "And yet," I murmured, "it may be 'this sort of thing' which induces people to look at advertisements at all." "If you get into the way of the big advertisers"—he extended a gigantic fist—"you'll be crushed." And I retired abashed before his Napoleonic attitude.

Now this dialogue fairly illustrates the case. The advertiser in question treated frankly, but with quite tolerable politeness, a very frank criticism. In that regard he was civilized enough. But in relation to his brother exhibitors his attitude was barbarous. It is the same in the poster world, and in proportion as advertisement becomes a profession and an intelligent one, we may hope that somehow—though I do not quite see how—the exponent of Advertisement-by-persecution will be made to feel uncomfortable by people who cannot afford to see advertisement discredited—who cannot afford to see the public cultivate a shut-eye sentry warning us not to look at advertisements.

For it must be remembered that every poster does two things. In the first place it tells you to buy the goods. Beyond that it either says: "Avoid posters; they are vulgar and offensive," or it tells us always to stop and look at the hoardings, which offer a concerted entertainment of so artistic a character as to constitute one of the most delightful amenities of our civic life. We drive out of town to avoid the incubus of advertisement; we might drive in to see what there was fresh and delightful put up since our last visit. Similarly, a man who pays a fair round sum for the front page of a "daily" leaves it the better property to its owners if he makes the reader determined never to miss one of the most interesting features of the issue. Too often he leaves it like a tenant leaving a dirty house for the next occupier to make habitable.

If no attempt at concerted entertainment be offered, posters have now reached the pitch of becoming an organized persecution. We are accosted by strangers who in their own interest interfere with our liberties. There is a not unintelligent and growing minority which resents this infringement of its liberties, and that minority has only to be organized (and perhaps, like the Suffragettes, to inaugurate a short militant campaign) to make itself felt. Already I have the promise from an eminent Civil Servant that if I inaugurate such a union of sufferers he will perform an act of Rabelaisian protest upon a certain poster representing beer-bottles alongside a railway line, the mentality of which provokes in him an almost physical reaction. London has need of village Hampdens to withstand the tyrant—men who would face the charge of an offence against property by the plea that they acted in defence of propriety. A union of such would induce either legislation to protect us or a reform of the hoardings—a thing perfectly feasible.

As I write I raise my eyes to prints of Kauffer's magnificent series of posters kindly sent at my request to the Westminster Art School by the Empire Marketing Board. What finer demonstration than these of the fact that decorum need not be dull? WALTER BAYES.

DIRECT *subscribers who are changing their addresses are asked to notify The* SPECTATOR *Office* BEFORE FRIDAY ON *MONDAY* OF EACH WEEK. *The previous address to which the paper has been sent and receipt number should be quoted.*

Thomas Carlyle: An Unpublished Letter

IT is difficult in this age of science to foresee how high in the world of literature Thomas Carlyle will be placed by future generations. He was both an idealist and a realist. The shows of the external world were to him phantoms and passing shadows, but even so, they were shadows cast by an infinite reality. "All true work is sacred" is one of the noblest things Carlyle ever wrote. How much his gospel of the sacredness of work will appeal to a future community where work becomes a manifestation of electrical power or atomic energy, remains to be seen.

Carlyle understood the sacredness of work when he had to rewrite, under mental and physical strain, a great part of the *French Revolution* after the unfortunate destruction of his manuscript by a careless servant. Upon finishing the last sentence of this sublime epic, Carlyle turned to his wife in a mood of desperation, saying, "I know not whether this book is worth anything, nor what the world will do with it, or misdo, or entirely forbear to do, as is likeliest: but this I could tell the world: you have not had for a hundred years any book that comes more direct and flamingly from the heart of a living man. Do what you like with it!"

Although the *French Revolution* was fairly well received in England, the English public could not understand *Sartor Resartus*. It was at first refused by Fraser, Longman, and Murray; these magazines failed to recognize its great merit. An American edition with a preface by Emerson, however, met with immediate success, and another edition was soon required. This universal acceptance of *Sartor* in America caused Emerson, in 1838, to publish more of his essays and writings. Although the English people failed at first to understand much of Carlyle's writing, they fully appreciated the writing of Emerson. Thus the two friends revealed each other's work in their respective countries, making a strong literary bond between England and America.

Speaking of his friend Emerson, Carlyle pronounced him "one of the most lovable creatures in himself we had ever looked on." Years later, upon Emerson's last visit to England in 1872, he said of him, "It's a very striking and curious spectacle to behold a man in these days so confidently cheerful as Emerson."

Drawn by the magnetism of Carlyle's unique personality, great men sought his advice and friendship. John Stuart Mill, John Ruskin, Leigh Hunt, Charles Dickens, Professor Tyndall, Lord Tennyson, Southey, Froude, De Quincey, James Martineau, and many more contemporaries were instinctively drawn to this man of genius.

Carlyle's deep humanity and spirituality are well revealed in a letter to a friend, which until now has never been published. The original, in Carlyle's rather difficult handwriting, lies open before me, and after long years still radiates a strange power and strength of purpose. The letter reads as follows:—

To Mr. George Peacock, 60, Egleton Street, Glasgow.

Dear Sir, Chelsea. 24th April, 1844.

I have read your letter with sympathy and interest, as the letter of a sincere seeker, one of those enquirers of whom it is written that they "shall find." Believe in this issue: for it is true, far truer than you at present think. We are led by strange ways in this world, the harshest disappointments often proving to be furtherances in disguise; generally too the goal we, in our young ignorance, have in view is not exactly the one we were appointed for, not the *true* goal. The true goal shows itself by and by, if we do faithfully struggle towards what truest-working goal there is. You must persist, with courage, with patience, with humility and openness of mind, with whatever of *strength* in any kind is in you! Persist, and know beforehand that no honest labour is or can be in vain.

Neither must health altogether discourage you. All men have their limits on the side of physical strength, as on other sides; thinking souls, which are first of all keen-feeling sensitive souls, are very apt to wear the clay they lodge in into holes! But great work has been done, and has still to be done, with but a slender outfit of health. This palpitating heart,—you had better ask a Doctor concerning it; perhaps it is nothing but *indigestion*,—a fierce enemy to intellectual men, but one that can be understood, that can be dealt with. Above all things, try to ascertain gradually for yourself where the limits of your strength do lie, and to work wisely within these, not unwisely struggle to surpass them: you will find that there is still good room for work if a man can be wise! And, in fine, be of hope. It is a wild battle this life of ours: but there is an Eternal Captain over it, unless we are all mistaken!

"Work, and despair not," says one. Not a soldier of us but has his name in the Army Office, not a ball but has its billet.

I am kept in extreme hurry here, but cannot forbear to write you this word. With sincere wishes and good expectations so far as I discern,

Yours, T. CARLYLE.

In later days, Carlyle was a familiar figure to Londoners. Clad in long skirted brown coat with soft black hat, and soft leather shoes, he walked twice a day on the Chelsea Embankment or in Battersea Park. Sometimes he was seen riding in a Chelsea omnibus, with that dreamy far-away expression on his rugged face.

ROSE MORRIS.

New Year Resolutions

The Editor has selected the following article as the winning entry for the "New Year Resolution" Competition.

"*Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul.*"

THE temptation in writing of New Year Resolutions is to attempt to be humorous. For most of us do not like to take the matter too seriously; it tends to accentuate our failures. Better to make a jest of it and save our blushes.

But the old trite saying holds, that while the road to hell is paved with good intentions the road to heaven is paved with good resolutions. Obviously we must distinguish between insipid intentions and robust resolutions. Intentions are light baggage, easily carried and easily disposed of; resolutions are our children, our offspring, and are apt to cling most closely to us just when we wish to dodge them.

Even among resolutions we require to discriminate. A "noble" resolution is not necessarily a "good" resolution, though a good resolution is always a lofty one. In every resolution there are two things to be considered—the subject and the object, the ammunition and the target. A "good" resolution is "myself" aimed at "a star." The commonest defect in our resolutions is that we do not pause to consider our ammunition—ourselves. We turn rifles on to artillery targets, and set infantry to do aeroplane work. And the results are not encouraging. Self-knowledge is the first essential—to know our own natures, our capacities, our biases, our adaptability; for it is this particular nature which we are aiming at the target and are about to discharge. The new, clean page is not the sole reason for making resolutions at New Year. The old, full page must also be considered. We have another year's experience of ourselves to show us what we are justified in aiming at.

Recently a young American presented himself in Northern India with the amazing announcement that he had come to climb Everest. His sanity has been confirmed, his seriousness is self-evident. But one would like to know his antecedents, and to be assured that he fitted the bore of such a project. His target is magnificent, but we question his ammunition.

In all our projects we have to consider this matter of calibre and bore. We are not all mountaineers, nor mathematicians, nor pioneers, nor geniuses, nor saints; but we are each of us "something," and that "something" must determine the arc along which we aim at the stars. Or (to elude the metaphor) we must phrase our

song to the stars "each in his own tongue." When we set each his feet, and not merely his eyes, to the hills, the level of humanity will be appreciably raised.

As to the Target! It is not a question of "hits." The virtue of New Year Resolutions does not depend on their fulfilment. Here, indeed, success is the essence of failure. To succeed in our best resolutions is proof positive that our best is not very good. Every truly great resolution is risky and courts failure. It aims at the stars and falls short, but that is nobler than hitting the ceiling. It is a matter of Ideals. The man with a low ideal gets there, but he does not get far. He is the pedestrian who has no use for the wings of vision. And the true worth of a man lies, not in where he has arrived, but in where he is going. It is the man who is going on, and going somewhere, who keeps pushing out the frontiers of knowledge, of civilization, and of his own life. There is that in us which sets us reaching up to the stars, and to aim lower would be cowardice. The attempt to attain carries its own joy and its own reward.

So that we must not allow the sceptic to set the level or decide the mood. He must not be permitted to make comedy of serious stuff. Failure does not mean that endeavour is foolish or futile. The acquiescence in failure is never justified. It is the starting-point for new endeavour. As R. L. Stevenson has it: "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits." We fall to rise again. "Peering wistfully along the dim pathway of a dawning year" we resolve—nay more!—with Lincoln at Gettysburg "we here *highly* resolve." G. W. K. M.

Winter in the West

WINTER, amid the moors and coombes of the West Country, is a time of happy surprises; for, thanks to the mutabilities of our inconstant climate, it is the unexpected which always happens.

In some years the mellowness of autumn lingers on till within a week or two of a green Christmas: you may find Herb-Robert, mallow, valerian, periwinkle, forget-me-not, campion, and scabious—even a late foxglove, and a dozen other common flowers in bloom in the hedge-rows. A sprig or two of bell-heather is always to be seen in some sheltered corner. Gorse is ever in flower, but it was a surprise to see a ladybird amid its spikelets in November. Red Admiral butterflies are supposed not to hibernate in England; nevertheless, they have been seen here on the wing as late as December 21st. Song and mistle thrushes shout lustily at times in the same month; and then, too, the dipper warbles a ditty which ripples like the stickle beside which he sings; cirl buntings, whose monotonous chant suggests imperturbability and indifference to climatic conditions, are unfailing winter songsters. The wren bubbles over with optimism at the least suspicion of sun; with him it is always "tails up and keep smiling." "Robin-redbreast sings in the rain" on the dullest of days. Even the drumming of a woodpecker, which is supposed to be a spring mating signal, has been heard on a mild New Year's Day. Woodlarks, most joyous of all winter *jongleurs*, hail the dawn in song with admirable constancy.

Larks greet the sun's awakening at all seasons. To mankind, winter sunrises are more familiar than those of summer. We wake to find the room flooded with a subdued rosy radiance; above the rim of skyline streaks of tawny orange and glowering red sprawl like the glistening length of some gaudy dragon-salamander. Pines top the ridge in silhouette; below them the still darkened moorland shades from purple into velvety black; the are above is packed with ruffled clouds, tinged with infinite delicacies of rose, from the faint blush of apple-blossom to the carmine of flamingo's wing; between them are rifts of metallic blue, unfathomably deep. And across this riotous pageant of colour, rooks and jackdaws, tossed and buffeted by the wind, steer their clamorous journey to feeding grounds on emerald meadows by the sea's verge.

The country folk describe such a memorable dawn more succinctly; they say "The reds are out," and prophesy rain before evening. Often they are right, but it may portend only wind. In any event a change in the weather follows, soon or late. The next morning you may look out upon a dazzling wonderland of snow. The moor, all its rugged contours smoothed and softened, seems to have drawn nearer during the night, so clear and vivid are its outlines. With glasses, or even with the naked eye, you may see a line of black specks crawling downwards towards the woods which fringe the coombes; they are the red-deer seeking the succulent ivy which clothes the stunted oaks; walk through any sheltered woodland and you will find the ivy leaves bitten off as high as a stag can reach, upright on its hind legs: if the snow lasts, deer become so tamed with hunger that they scarcely move at your approach.

On the partly flooded meadows near the sea, where the snow lies but sparsely and vanishes most quickly, birds, driven from more northern latitudes by stress of weather, congregate in multitudes—finches, waders, gulls, plover, and thrushes of all species. But the ravens and the rest of the crow tribe still haunt the moorland wastes; deep snow means dead sheep, and where these are the carrion eaters are gathered together. Other bird refugees seek harbourage still further south. Walking across the highest part of Exmoor one day after a heavy snowfall, I saw flocks of lapwing and golden plover constantly passing overhead; from the height at which they flew it seemed certain that they had crossed the Bristol Channel: all were flying southwards swiftly and with determination; possibly the estuaries of the South Devon coast were their bourne, but it is quite possible that they continued their pilgrimage still further, for there have been many recoveries of ringed lapwings in winter along the coasts of France, Spain, and Portugal, and, indeed, as far south as Morocco.

Snowflakes falling on the back of a bird melt quickly from the heat of its body, but those which rest on the tail take longer to thaw; this is more clearly perceptible when, as in rook or blackbird, the plumage is sable. Hardly a winter passes without one remarking some tailless visitor to our bird table. Chaffinch, blue and great tit, and grey wagtail have appeared at this season minus these important feathers. Perhaps this loss may sometimes be due to the tail being frozen to the roosting-place, owing to its lower temperature. Quite a slight pull serves to detach a bird's latter end: I have known a blue tit lose his tail owing to his being caught in a box mousetrap into which his greed for cheese had enticed him.

It has not been often remarked how much the slanting light of the sun, hanging low in a winter sky, enhances the beauty of birds on the wing. The chestnut patch on the flank of a redwing, the burnished red on the breast of bullfinch and chaffinch, the leopard-spotted waistcoat of the thrush, all show up more strikingly under such conditions. Gulls sailing are always a wonder and a delight, but when white breast and flank are illuminated by a side-light against dark clouds, or some other sombre background, their loveliness is intensified. Bird is metamorphosed into spirit. E. W. HENDY.

Correspondence

A Letter from Lima : Peru.

[*To the Editor of the* Spectator.]

Sir,—Peru, where Signor Mussolini's Gospel of Work would have little acceptance, enjoys in common with most Latin American countries an average of two public holidays a month. To this number has just been added "Road Day." Until three years ago there was not even a motor road connecting the capital, Lima, with Callao, a distance of eight miles. President Leguía's administration has been admirable in this, that it has started a real road campaign, and, although graft takes a heavy toll of every kilometre, remarkable progress has been made in the last five years. Even so, there is not yet a single road in the modern sense leading out of Lima.

The technical difficulties of road-building in a country of such varying physical features and magnificent distances are, of course, enormous. Eastward is the chain of the Cordilleras to be crossed at altitudes varying between 10,000 and 15,000 feet. On the farther side lie the steaming forests of the Montaña. Along the coast, port is separated from port by miles of sand-strewn pampas with no quarries upon which to draw for metal. Nevertheless, these pampas, where the sand is not too loose, make excellent natural roads, though not for the low-slung English car. Indeed, taking into consideration the imperfections of so many so-called "made" roads in various parts of the country, it is commonly said that Nature is the best road-maker in Peru.

But whatever measure of success has already been achieved is due primarily to the Indian. Road conscription has been in force since the communistic empire of the Incas. Nominally, every citizen between the ages of eighteen and fifty is liable to serve for twenty-one days in the year on road-building. In actual practice the law is not applied in the principal cities or elsewhere, except to the Indian. The Quechua is the Gunga-Din of Peru. He is "our beloved Indian" in the public speeches of President Leguía; but it is a case of "Lo, the poor Indian" when he is exploited by the rich feudal lords of vast landed estates and by the provincial authorities when they want to get a road built.

In addition to the roads projected or under actual construction, a new route to the Orient of Peru is due to be opened this year by means of an air service between Lima and Iquitos, the Peruvian port on the Amazon. At the present time the journey has to be made by train and motor and mule and canoe and launch, in that order. It may take anything between three and five weeks under circumstances of considerable discomfort and danger. With the opening of an air route the time will be reduced to three or four days. The start by aeroplane will be made from San Ramon, in the Chanchamayo Valley on the east flank of the Andes, and the first stage will be to Puerto Bermudez, at the confluence of the Pachitea and Ucayali rivers. From that point a hydroplane service will operate to Iquitos. The service is to be operated by the Government, and the pilots will be members of the Peruvian military and naval air forces.

There is no hope, of course, that the service will pay. It will only be possible to carry two passengers, and the cost of a two-day flight will be some fifty pounds, in addition to railway and motor-car expenses. But it will be an expeditious way of carrying the mails, and as an administrative measure it will bring the Government into closer touch with the region of the Amazonas. There is a political reason for this. The ties which bind the Eastern departments to the central Government are of the slightest, and complaints are made at times that Iquitos is left out of the good things of governmental revenues and governmental favours. Racially, too, the people of the Amazonian regions are as distinct from the coastlanders and the Indians of the Sierras as Papuans are from New Zealanders. A closer connexion with Lima is, therefore, in every way desirable as a precaution against a separatist movement.

Apart from this proposed air route to Iquitos, the success of which is problematical, commercial and military aviation is at a low ebb in this country. There are two civil aviators who, flying antiquated machines, pick up a living by carrying stray passengers along the coast and by making land surveys. But there are no organized air routes as in Bolivia and in the Eastern republics. The Junkers and the Aero Lloyd are trying to obtain a concession for a coastal service to the Northern ports; and other enterprises would take the air if there were any encouragement. But even the visit of the Pan-American flyers last year, boosted as it was by the Pan-American Union at Washington, aroused little interest. The Peruvian prefers bull-fights and football.

Bull-fighting is still a popular vogue in Lima, where the old Viceregal ring at Acho is the finest in South America. But the *afición* for the *plaza de toros* is waging a losing battle with the present "craze"—there is no other word for it—for "futbol." Soccer has caught on in Lima to an amazing degree. Efforts to naturalize baseball have proved a hopeless failure, but the English game has risen to the heights of a cult which threatens to oust every other form of popular sport. On Sundays every piece of waste ground is devoted to a furious game; in the evenings every side street is a football field where small boys play with one eye on the ball and the other on the police. To the record of matches more space is devoted than to the chronic wail over the woes of Tacna and Arica.

Compared with the austere game as played in England and Scotland, South American football has its exotic features. No match, even of the most minor importance, begins without an exchange of bouquets of flowers and affectionate *abrazos* between the rival captains. But from the moment that the ball is set in motion there is no further waste of affection. The incessant whistle of the referee vies with the *mueras* of the spectators; and if little actual blood is shed, it is not for want of verbal encouragement. As often as not the game ends in the premature withdrawal of the losing side. The Latin American is a poor loser. Nevertheless, in spite of the flagrant partisanship of the onlookers and the indifferent sportsmanship of the players, football has proved a godsend to Peru. It has driven the young men from the drinking booths and the gambling dens to fight their differences in the open air and under some form of discipline. So, though British trade be sadly on the wane, we may take pride in the fact that we are contributing our share to the making of a race.

Lima's enthusiasm for football is receiving a magnificent fillip at the moment. The South American championships are being played here; and although Chile has not been allowed to participate for fear of political demonstrations, the representatives of the Argentine and of Uruguay are showing the local public how the game should be played and the right spirit which should animate it. With so much football in the air, politics take a second place. While Chile continues to proclaim that she is sick and tired of an arbitration which has arbitrated nothing, Peru continues to play the part of Little Jack Horner. Although President Leguía has not yet pulled out the fat plum of Tacna and Arica, he proclaims to all the world in every speech "What a good boy am I!" Unfortunately, the head-master at Washington wants to reward both the good boy and the bad boy alike; and that is why the decision is so long in coming.—I am, Sir, &c.,

Your Lima Correspondent.

Poetry

Period Piece

Long ago, when
Good Queen Anne
Sheltered Europe
'Neath her Fan,
A modish Fury
Swept St. James
For India stuffs with
Prodigious Names.

There were Cherriderrys and
Allejars,
Ginghams, Mulmuls,
Aubrowahs,
Mahmudhiatties,
Baguzzees,
Tainsooks lined with
Seerbettees:
Peniascoes and
Callowaypoose
Swept the tiny
Red-heeled Shoes:
Chelloes, Taffaties,
Succatums,
Graced all Truly
Stylish Drums:

Vastly fine it
Must have been,
Long ago, when
Anne was Queen!

Margery Sharp.

The League of Nations

The Prospects of Disarmament

UNDOUBTEDLY the thorniest question before the League is that of disarmament. Some go so far as to say that the prestige of the League is bound up with this intricate problem and that it must solve it or suffer eclipse. To my mind this view is wrong, for reasons I shall set forth, but it is obvious that if and when the League can lure the doves of peace to the chancelleries of Europe, it will have accomplished its most popular and important act of statecraft.

* * * *

At the present moment, Europe is not quite ready for disarmament. That is the conclusion I came to, after many talks at Geneva with those well qualified to know. None of these conversations, it is almost needless to say, in any way embody the official views of the League, whose Secretariat can express no personal opinions. Still, the Secretariat should know, better than any other body of men, what can and what cannot be done in the cause of peace, and any strong impression, based as I say on knowledge more intimate and varied than my own, is that we must face the fact frankly that there is much spade work still to be done before Europe will consent to sign away its ridiculous armies and navies.

* * * *

Ridiculous our armed forces certainly are. What do we mean by security? If a nation is to be physically secure against attack, it must be strong enough to defeat possible combinations of its rivals. There cannot, in truth, be security all round on a physical basis. Armaments are a snare and a delusion, for all but the strongest industrial nations: and for them they are an expense and a menace. If everyone agreed to abolish their navies, we in Great Britain would be the strongest naval power, for we have the greater sea experience. We should have everything to gain by the abolition of ships of war if ever it came to fighting. Russia and Germany, again, are the strongest potential military powers. They would have everything to gain by complete disarmament, if the sword is to weigh again in the affairs of Europe. As to aeroplanes, gas, tanks, it is doubtful which power is the strongest. Every War Office, including our own, employs a host of learned gentlemen evolving new horrors in their laboratories; they are euphemistically termed anti-poison gas experts, but in reality their business, which after all is as laudable as that of any other soldier (as an old soldier myself, I hope no one will take offence), is to learn how to cause the maximum damage to the enemy and exploit these means. The interesting and important fact of modern war, which we must never lose sight of, is that it is infinitely more catholic and more cruel than it was even a decade ago. France could destroy a fifth part of London in a single night with incendiary bombs and deadly ethers; we could return the compliment. If Europe really set its mind to it, therefore, already and to-day, it would wreck its civilization within a month. In a few years' time it might be able to commit suicide even more swiftly.

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Again, the power of the individual for destruction is incalculably greater. One scientist may make an invention to-morrow that will shatter the health of millions, a single brain may destroy hundreds of thousands of lives. Weapons more terrible than any yet conceived are certainly in process of elaboration at the present moment. In spite of this, we are not ready for peace, and those who demand that the League should show rapid results in disarmament are doing it a grave disservice. For security must be psychological, not physical. A greater measure of trust must be built up in Europe. The psychological wounds of the last War must be given more time to heal. The League must be allowed to grow in authority. The dread alternative to disarmament must be not only understood, but must be visualized so clearly by men and women all over the world that war is impossible. Only thus can we make peace sure. We have not, in the jargon of the day, yet sublimated the activities of our suprarenal glands to the higher purposes of civilization.

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A certain surrender of the national sovereignty is inevitable as the price of peace. France will have to place more trust in her numerous guarantees and less on armed force. Germany must suffer under restrictions which only patience can remove. Britannia will not rule the waves in the future as she has in the past. Those who believe that cut-and-dried plans for the reduction of armaments will meet with popular approval to-day are dangerously in advance of public opinion and are likely, if they have their way, to cause an increase of the burdens they seek to diminish. Once the experts begin to talk, the armament firms rejoice. We have only to follow the proceedings of the amusingly named Temporary Mixed Commission on Disarmament to see how unfruitful are the labours of those who hope to make the world righteous by legislation. Our only hope—and it is a good hope for those of us who believe that the mind of man is destined to triumph over his physical environment—is in an educated public opinion. Already the *imponderabilia* are on the side of peace. Through its legal, economic, humanitarian, and hygienic work the League has rooted itself in Europe and Asia. Instead of a single, narrow diplomatic channel there are now a hundred avenues whereby men and women of good will may come in touch with each other internationally. Give time for the vitalizing air of common sense to blow across distracted Europe, let the leaven of peace raise the dough of democracy, and we shall see that the dangers that confront us are nightmares rather than problems. Once the nations know that war is too ghastly to be possible, they will not argue on how many guns they shall keep.

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Public opinion is stirring in Europe, but I received the impression that we may have to wait for 1929 to see the first successful Disarmament Conference. Very likely it will conclude an unambitious Limitation Treaty, rendering competition difficult. That, I think, will be the first step. The next move will be the elimination of the so-called experts from the councils of statesmen. Only the Press, and the will to peace that it represents, can succeed in relegating all these admirals and generals to the clubs where they belong. But until they retire there, to lament the passing of the heroic age, we can have no peace. While they discuss tonnages and calibres, the tax-payer groans. One day he will hit back, shattering the edifice of nonsense that has been built up round the theory that security rests on armed force in the modern world. It is useless to tell the man in the street to-day that we are arming purely for defence. He remembers what happened before—many of us carry the marks on our bodies. We know that the big guns of Europe are meant to kill with an intensity and an indiscrimination never before known in history. Are we who fought in the last War, then, to see our children suffer in the same way?

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We shall never consent, if only because the doctors of destruction cannot agree amongst themselves as to the best means of slaughtering us. We have the tank advocates, the poison-gas professors, the bluff and breezy school (slow as the sails they were trained with) who believe in weight and range of artillery, and look on aeroplanes as complicated toys, the good old cavalry generals, and a raft of others. How, if we take any of their advice, or all of it, shall we be any safer? *Protoceratops andrewsi* thought she was safe by adding defence after defence to her thick hide. Europe is like that dinosaur, who was finally crushed under the weight of her own protection in some cataclysm of long ago.

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In a year or eighteen months, public opinion will be ready—especially if the United States and Russia are represented at the long-expected Conference, as they well may be—for a small limitation of armaments. After that the idea will grow that physical security is as unattainable in the body politic as it is in the human body. It is not even an ideal, much less a possibility. But moral security is something which can be built up in the minds of men, it involves the acceptance of a certain physical risk, but it is a Christian and constructive ideal.

F. YEATS-BROWN.

Country Life

FENS IN FROST.

Is it because bearing frosts have been rare in this generation that English people are so ignorant of the charm of the Fen country in winter? Once you have entered its maze of dykes you may skate the whole day without pause over new country. The most delightful of athletic days in my own experience was spent among "the Dutch ditches" of Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire. A party, led by a Fenman of long experience, assembled at Holme station on the main Great Northern line just south of Peterborough, where one of the smaller dykes runs almost up to the platform. It would have been possible to put on skates in the train and not have risked a too laborious walk to the launching place. From early morning till late in the evening we skated and skated; and decided, as we fought our battles o'er again, that we had covered forty miles. The estimate was perhaps as optimistic as round figures are apt to be, but with all allowance we covered an immense distance at good speed, met adventures and saw scenes that abide in a grateful memory.

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No one has skated who has not used skates, on the model of ski as a mode of motion, as a method of travelling pleasantly from place to place. The dykes are as rectangular and as arithmetically named as the streets and avenues of New York. When you ask your way, you are told to take "the 16 foot till it cuts the 40 foot"; and perhaps it needs a native eye to find the higher beauty in a ditch that is a straight line, generally provided with high banks, shutting out most of the view. And these banks may be hard to climb. We scaled them in one place to ask for meat and drink at an isolated inn, only to be told that there was "nothing in the house but a half-quartern loaf to last over Sunday." Incidentally, the innkeeper, a woman, had never been further than five miles from her home, and that only in frost-time! Most of the Fen people are home-keeping, partly because their land is the richest in England, partly because so few people from outside disturb their peace. The outsiders make as big a mistake as the home-keepers. For the Fens at all seasons have peculiar individuality.

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Littleport, the next station to Ely, the last island refuge of Hereward the Wake, is better known than the Huntingdonshire Fens, and may be called the H.Q. of Fen skating, because of the frequency of spacious floods. But even a champion race on a Littleport course, or on Lingay Fen, is less characteristic, and even less amusing, than the sight of Fen skaters of rather less skill and speed, setting forth on long friendly expeditions down the dyke roads. The figures are curiously suggestive of the duck and geese which they will not improbably flush. They prefer companies of five or six; moving very close to one another, and keeping formation as the duck do for perhaps like reason: the leader breaks the air resistance, and surrenders his post of extra labour to successive followers. The typical Fen skater stoops very low and swings his arms vigorously from side to side, and very low down; and the group keep absolute time. The Scandinavian expert has a more attractive style, and usually prefers to clasp his hands behind the back; but half the secret lies in the lean forward, and the swing of the shoulder to the stroke. Figure skating is a fine and delightful art, proper to rinks and ponds; but even its most ardent votaries would do well to test the enjoyment of a long run over miles of country when the season permits.

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ALPINE DRIFTS.

Only elder people remember other days when traffic was suspended, and roads quite closed; and even the oldest cannot quite parallel out of their widest memories some scenes of this winter. In counties conspicuous for deep-cut lanes, such as Devon and Herts, the whole snow of the neighbourhood accumulated in the roads. I traversed a mile or so of road that ran between fields almost bare and brown. The blizzard had thrown the snow against a flanking hedge, laid some of the leaders across the road and thereupon filled it with snow to the depth of nine and ten feet at the worst spots, but for the rest moulded into hills and valleys, into sierras and crevasses, mimicking a miniature Alps. Gangs of workers—some of them golf-caddies out of their job—could not clear more than about 200 yards within the day. The whole picture was a miracle to the younger generation, of whom curiously few either could skate or had ever seen a skater. It was a pity, for though good ice was not common, most of the streets offered a respectable surface for skaters. The skater travelled faster than the walker, or the man with a horse and cart.

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MILCH SHEEP.

In the year 1000 or thereabouts was written a dialogue on country life—some of it is quoted in that "best seller," G. M. Trevelyan's *History of England*; and I thought I had discovered in it an anticipation of Mr. Hosier's so-called new system of portable sheds and out-of-doors dairying. The passage seemed absolutely applicable. "I lead them back to their folds and milk them twice a day; and *their folds I move*; and I make cheese and butter, and I am true to my Lord." But there is one difference. The animals he milked were sheep, and the folds were sheep-folds. How long is it since sheep were thus milked in England? A long time, but in Belgium milch sheep are still bred for their milk, and fetch a good price; and it is a common belief that there is special value in the milk for certain constitutions. The yield approaches that of a goat.

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POACHING.

Local newspapers are calling more and more attention to the frequency of poaching, and some of them emphasize the smallness of the penalties for those caught red-handed. The sporting magistrate perhaps has a certain fellow-feeling for the poorer sportsman, if it happens that there is any element of sport in his offence. However this may be, there are some forms of the poacher's activity with which no one can sympathize. They are usually most active on Sunday morning, and some leave their snares from Sunday till the following Saturday. A good many poach at night, using a ·410 shot gun, sometimes with a hinge at the stock for the purpose of shooting roosting birds. To quote a third sin, they are apt to commit arson, whether accidentally or on purpose. The Hastings fire seems to have been due to poachers; and it is known in other localities that hay-ricks have been burnt by them. One fire, that has now been burning for nearly a year on a rubbish dump, was lit by some urban trespassers, who were thought to have combined the professions of poaching and picking up unconsidered trifles.

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WHERE ARE THE FIELDFARES?

Is it possible that successions of mild winters have altered the habits of some of the birds? One of the more salient memories of winters of a generation ago is the great flocks of fieldfares that fell upon the haws and devoured every available berry, even of so bitter a character as the holly. To-day you meet in the South observant countrymen who do not know what a fieldfare looks like, and would not recognize the distinctive chuckle that used to be the most frequent of winter notes. Of course, fieldfares, and redwing, come south as in other days in bouts of frost; but surely not in the old numbers or with the old regularity.

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"THE CHRISTMAS ROSE."

Once again "the Christmas rose" has deceived the critics. One of them asks why, if flowers are so much desired and so dear at Christmas, this "rose" is not more freely cultivated. Is there any flower less roselike? But in spite of its poisonous nature and ugly scent, the hellebores or Christmas roses are worth more attention than they receive. And how many people who cultivate the tribe are content with *Helleborus niger* to the exclusion of its earlier and better cousin, *Helleborus altifolius*. Many common things, as an old schoolmaster used to say of common sense, are too uncommon. Another is the snowflake. Everyone grows the snowdrop, and many grow the summer snowflake; but in my experience the spring snowflake *Leucoia vernа* (the most sweetly scented of its tribe) is comparatively rare in humbler gardens, though I am told it can be found established in a wild state here and there.

W. BEACH THOMAS.

Letters to the Editor

A HARD WINTER FORETOLD

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—On May 16th an old man, a pensioner of my firm, said to me, "We are going to have a very hard winter." I said, "How's that, Jim?" and he replied, "The corn is so late coming up. It has been so long in the ground this spring." Have any of your readers ever heard of this as precursory of a severe winter?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Woodlands, Witney. CHAS. W. EARLY.

THE GREAT SNOWSTORM OF 1881

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—A few reminiscences of the great snowstorm in Devon of January, 1881, may be of interest at the moment. The snow began one Tuesday night early in January. We, living in a remote vicarage on the table land of North Devon, were returning from a dance, four miles away, about 2 a.m. By breakfast time next morning the snow had fallen so thickly and with such drifts that our front door, facing south, was completely snowed up, and three feet of snow had found its way into the hall.

It went on snowing with a few short intervals the whole of the Wednesday, Wednesday night, Thursday, and Thursday night. It then thawed slightly on top, and afterwards froze so hard that in many places you could walk right over the tops of the hedges. The lanes were here and there covered right over, but mostly had a narrow passage on one side, where the snow lay two or three feet thick on the other side, mounting to the top of the hedge, some ten or twelve feet.

Our postman took nine hours to do his last four miles on the first day, and afterwards we got no posts for a week. It was a fortnight before the butcher and baker could reach us. Once during this fortnight on a horseback expedition to obtain supplies we met two sons of a neighbouring landowner—Lord Portsmouth—on their way back from Cherberleigh on horseback, with baskets of bread on their arms. Some households were much more cut off than we were. One parson's family, in a village more remote than ours, was short of fuel as well as food. They were obliged to live all together in the kitchen, and were reduced to eating a pet goat.

The snow had been preceded, as was the recent fall, by a steady east wind and a severe frost, but of much longer duration than that just before Christmas. We had been meeting for a week or more for hockey parties on the frozen Taw, below Cherberleigh. It was the third winter in succession in which the Devon rivers had been frozen hard enough for skating. Possibly history will repeat itself, and we shall find that we are again in for such a series.

The great snowstorm so graphically described by R. D. Blackmore in *Lorna Doone* was probably suggested to him by a similar experience in Devon in 1861, a winter of which I had often heard as exceptionally severe. The Lorna Doone snowstorm was also preceded by a prolonged frost and steady east wind. In 1881 one postman, and, if I remember right, a policeman, were lost in the snow on Dartmoor. I had to go back to school in the North of England while the snow was still unsubdued. There was no possibility of getting a vehicle to the station through two miles of steep narrow lanes. I had to go on horseback, and my boxes were put on an old pony cart, which was upset several times on the way.

It had nearly been decided that I should wait until travelling was more reasonably possible, but news came to us that one of the masters of my school, Rossall, who lived five miles from one of the stations which we used, had himself carried his portmanteau through the drifts. He was an enormously strong man, an old Rugby International. He is still a worthy representative of the "girt Jan Ridd" who carried a sheep under each arm from the drifts into safety. "Sixty and six I took home in that way, two at a time on each journey, and the work grew harder and harder each time, as the drifts of the snow were deepening . . . People talk of it to this day: but none can tell what the labour was, who have not felt that snow and wind."

I was afterwards told that some of the snow, drifted into a South Devon quarry, remained until July. Of that I will not vouch the truth, but it is probably not much exaggerated.—I am, Sir, &c.,

A. H. DAVIS.

Burrington, Broadstairs, Kent.

THE USERS OF ROADS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In your notes in the *Spectator* this week you comment with apparent satisfaction on the fact that we are now within measurable distance of every vehicle being compelled to carry a rear light at night, and appear to think that the safety of the cyclist is the main consideration. Is it so?

Besides cyclists and horse vehicles there are a great number of other persons who have a full moral and legal right to the proper use of the metalled portion of road. What is to happen to them if this law comes into operation? Their danger if unlighted seems to be quite equal to that of the cyclist. For instance—a man with a truck or wheelbarrow, a woman with perambulator, any one driving cattle or sheep, or foot passengers in company in conversation; you would scarcely suggest that in these cases a light should be carried on every occasion after dark, yet in all these cases the danger will be increased if this becomes the law.

It has been argued that pedestrians should keep to the footpath. This is out of the question. In the rural district in which I live (not more than one-fifteenth of the county) there is something near 200 miles of road without any footpath, the metalled portion being from 9 to 12 ft. wide, and I believe this is largely the case all over the county; at any rate, as regards large portions of it.

The main object of the alteration is to allow the overtaking vehicle to proceed at a greater pace, and if by chance any kind of accident occurs to relieve the driver of a certain amount of responsibility for injury or damage which may occur. There appears to be only one sure way of preventing accidents, which is for every fast vehicle to be provided with sufficient light to cover a greater distance forward than that which he requires to come to a standstill.

MIDLANDER.

DISINTERESTED MANAGEMENT IN THE DRINK TRADE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Owing to the holidays I have only just seen your issue of December 17th. That you should wish to elicit reasoned opinions on the Carlisle Experiment is admirable. But, while the last sentence of your article exhorts "all who are not bigots to unite," your first sentence has been so worded as to make the co-operation of many temperance workers impossible. You say that "the Drink Trade is about to launch an offensive right along the line against the cause of Temperance."

Such a phrase as "the Drink Trade" is unworthy of the *Spectator*, and should be left to lower grades of journalism. Would any clear-thinking man speak of the Food Trade? If the dealers in fermented or distilled beverages began to sneer at journalists and newspaper proprietors as "the Ink Trade," I suspect that you would regard us as neither accurate nor courteous. Yet there is no indictment which you bring against brewers and wine merchants which could not be brought with equal justice against the purveyors of printed news.

My main complaint, however, is against your monstrous charge that those who differ from you concerning the best methods of distributing England's traditional beverages are "launching an offensive against the cause of Temperance." Even on the low ground of self-interest, a distributor of what you so loosely call "Drink" would not oppose Temperance; because intemperate men and women are the only strong arguments which have ever been produced against beer, wine, and spirits.

But I must remind you that those of us who follow the ancient and honourable calling of wine merchants and the like are no more actuated by self-interest alone than are the proprietors of the *Spectator* and the *Observer*, or the now

very large number of clerical and other gentlemen whose incomes are derived from "Temperance Work." We are good citizens first and merchants second. Therefore the virtue of Temperance is as dear to us as it is to you; and I protest strongly against the odious suggestion that we wish intemperance to increase in order that our pockets may be filled.

Your contention that private profit is incompatible with public-spirited management of the Trade you have singled out for attack is an assertion and nothing more. I repeat that your argument could be fairly turned against your own profession, and that a case could be made out for the nationalization of news as well as for the public ownership of the trade in our people's old-established beverages.

This letter is amicably conceived. You will not help a discussion of either the Carlisle Experiment or any similar problem if you persist in spurning those of your fellow citizens who have spent their lives in distributing our traditional drinks and who therefore know more about Temperance and intemperance than anybody else—I am, Sir, &c.,

ERNEST B. RUTHERFORD.

Wine and Spirit Trade Defence Fund,
17 Harp Lane, London, E.C.3.

[We welcome the friendly spirit in which our correspondent's letter is written. We are glad to know that the cause of Temperance is as dear to the members of the wine and spirit trade as it is to us. We have never criticized a purveyor of liquor for seeking to sell as much liquor as he possibly can. He has to think of dividends and therefore of output—and in this he is no different from most commercial enterprises. Our advocacy of disinterested management is because it is *not* actuated by the desire for profits. We are quite ready to admit that the members of the "Drink Trade" are no worse than the members of the "Ink Trade." But there is this difference: if we were fortunate enough to find a person who would buy a dozen *Spectators* each week, his act would not injuriously affect the community, but if he bought a dozen bottles of whisky it would.—ED, *Spectator*.]

THE REJECTED PRAYER BOOK

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—While the venerable Primate wisely counsels moderation in word and act, surely the letter of "W." in the *Spectator* for December 24th does not much help thereto. May I venture a word on the side he condemns? The broad issue being, as he says, constitutional, it surely touches the whole country, and is not confined to any particular Church or political party; and the House of Commons, by its vote, which may have been right or wrong, only exercised its constitutional right and function. Could it have done otherwise?

In the House of Lords the Bishops are in an hereditary atmosphere; in the House of Commons they are envisaged as men, and their measures subjected to ordinary practical criticism. To suggest then, even inferentially, as does "W.," that the question has, or should have, any party colouring, is surely heading for disaster. Happily, in the recent vote the party whip was withdrawn. One emerging aspect is already apparent. The old territorial aristocracy having largely passed away as a political entity, and the new peers being largely democratic in creation, the Bishops remain the only directly functioning aristocracy. Now the clerical mind does not always best represent either the life or mind of a people

"quick to learn and wise to know,"

and it is the cumulative life and thought of a people that, after all, dominates and impels a nation. It was the dogged endurance and sterling courage of the soldiers that won the War, rather than the brilliance of any leader; so is it with the people and the Church, and unless the Church realizes this it must largely march alone.

Many besides the clergy lament the lack of interest in Church affairs and Church attendance; but Christianity is far higher than any Church, Roman, Anglican, or Presbyterian, and religion is surely not so much the attitude of man to any Church as to the greater and illimitable universe, and the Supreme Being. The exaltation of any clergy into a separate caste endued with distinctive spiritual power is in opposition to the broad spirit of humanity which finds increasing emanation to-day, and it is this sometimes unfortunately exercised exclusiveness that alienates many Christians from the Church. If the clergy came down to the level of the man in the street and field, or and alternatively rose to his altitude, it would bring them into closer and more intimate touch with that humanity which found its fullest expression in the life and teaching of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A Bishop in the debate in the House of Lords longed for the ecclesiastical freedom enjoyed by the Church of Scotland; but in that Church there are no clergy, simply ministers—in truth ruling elders, and so more closely in active and sensitive communion with their people. During the War many ministers fought with their fellows as combatants in the ranks, which in the Church of England was not thought to be the province of the clergy; but men dearly love to find a fellow mortal in the crises of life, and his weaknesses are often as helpful as his strength.

May I venture, speaking from the opinions of those in many walks in life, that the fundamental feeling of the country is strenuously Protestant, and that anything that would seem to weaken the Protestant Succession or the Protestant Faith, or even appear to point toward Rome, is strongly suspect? The Parliamentary Committee reported in accordance with its finding; but the instincts of a people, if less profound, are more sure, and these instincts found expression in the vote of the House of Commons. If, therefore, the Bishops can remove from their measures and from the deposited Prayer Book those things which give pause to the national feeling; and establish as a certainty that practices at variance with the spirit of the Established Church of England will no longer be allowed: if, in a word, the Bishops and the Church are prepared to accept the issue and face it, then they may rest assured that the nation will not fail them or deny sympathy and support.

There are multitudes which no man may number of Christian people fenced off from almost every Church by restrictive creeds, conventions, and dogmas; and it is these who are waiting for the advent of a vital and universal faith, based, not upon rubrics and ceremonial, but upon the living God, with ministers as lowly, as human, and as divine as Jesus Christ, the Head of all the Christian Churches; and above all Churches, for

"Heaven's gates are not highly arched like prince's palaces.
Those that go in thereat must go upon their knees."

—I am, Sir, &c.,

JAMES A. MORRIS.

Wellington Chambers, Ayr, N.B.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Your leading article on December 24th, headed "Parliament and the Prayer Book," is frankly a disappointment. We Church-members and Church-lovers are all grieved at what has happened and the aged Primate has our heartfelt sympathy. But is the slight change in the Communion Service really the question at issue, or, indeed, is it the compilation of another set of formulae—for that is what the New Book amounts to—that can conceivably save the dangerous situation in which the Anglican branch of the Protestant Church finds itself to-day? I am one, probably, of many thousands who believe that it cannot.

You say that the nation, through Parliament, said to the Church in 1906: "Put your house in order and bring your *régime* up to date." Very good; but has not the *régime* persistently drifted from bad to worse since then, and can this New Book or any other Book possibly mend matters? Can it possibly arrest the continual shrinkage of congregations and of Confirmation candidates? No, sir. I interpret Parliament's action as the withholding of a vote of confidence pure and simple, and consider that the action was right and honest. It is not a new Book we need but a new spirit, a new vision, and that simply and solely of Christ; and those in Parliament who do not happen to belong to our particular denomination are, if anything, more likely to be able to realize this than we Anglicans are.

Can we honestly as Christians expect them to vote for the continuance of a Church which, if it has not officially refused them the right to receive Holy Communion at its hands, has certainly never denounced the practice of such refusal at the hands of hundreds of its clergy? I interpret Parliament's

action as a demand for a root-and-branch reform, and rejoice thereat, grieved though I am at the position into which our branch of the Church has allowed itself to drift.—I am, Sir, &c.,

H. W. KETTLEWELL (Lieut.-Col.).

Dibden House, Hythe, Southampton.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I have read more than one account of the Prayer Book discussion in the House of Commons, and also very many criticisms upon it in various papers, including your own leader in the issue of December 24th.

From it all I have gained the impression that the House was carried away by rhetoric, and not swayed by argument. In short, that the House was stampeded by a No Popery cry.

Consequently one is astounded by the statement of your "Watchman" on page 1115, "that the debate greatly enhanced the prestige of the Commons."

How can this be? Every comment that I have read speaks of the House of Lords emerging with credit from its debate, but the House of Commons only proving how unfit a body it is for debating such an issue.

Will "Watchman" explain what he means by his astonishing statement?—I am, Sir, &c.,

A REGULAR READER.

["Watchman," our Parliamentary correspondent, is, of course, free to express his personal views in his article on "The Week in Parliament." Our views have been expressed.—ED. *Spectator.*]

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In your issue of December 24th you print a leading article on Parliament and the Prayer Book. You advocate as a solution of the present difficulty that the Church Assembly should re-enact the Measure and present it anew to Parliament next session. Your article was presumably written before the pronouncement of the Bishops, but seems to agree with it.

You suggest that the Measure was defeated because Members of Parliament were overpersuaded by rhetoric, and that next session wiser counsels may prevail. But is this really likely to be the case? And will Parliament, in the space of a few months, be inclined to reverse its judgment, arrived at, as most people think, after very careful consideration and deep thought? Is it not much more probable that Parliament will refuse to be coerced by what must be interpreted as a threat from the Bishops' Bench? And what then?

Surely it is fair to say that the Measure was defeated for two main reasons. First the belief, sincerely held, that the Revised Book was a very definite step towards reunion with Rome, which is, and always has been, considered by the mass of our people to be a retrograde movement. And secondly that, without doubting for one moment the sincerity of the intentions of the Bishops, who have all undertaken to do their utmost to put down illegal practices in the Church, a very grave doubt is entertained of their ability effectively to carry out their undertaking.

Therefore, before any further step is taken, surely these two points have to be met by the leaders of the Church. Parliament and the nation must be convinced, not merely by opinions, however weightily delivered, but by statements and rules actually contained within the Book itself, that no advance towards Rome is possible, and also that the Bishops shall have, not only the will, but also the power, to put down illegal practices in the Church. Only thus can a repetition of the rejection of the Measure be prevented. And if the Measure is once again rejected, as it must be if presented in its present form, what must be the next step?

Obviously the Bishops, having supported the Revised Book, are not going to take any punitive measures against those incumbents who use that Book, even when it has been rejected by Parliament, and, further, they are no more likely than in the past to check the increasing illegalities. Therefore, at best, the decision of Parliament will have been actively flouted by the clergy and simply ignored by the Bishops.

But so long as the Church is the established Church of the land the Sovereign, acting by and with the advice of Parliament, is its head, and not the Archbishops and Bishops. So if the decisions of the Sovereign and Parliament are flouted and ignored, then the next step lies with Parliament, and the Disestablishment issue is thrust into great prominence and in the way which, of all others, must be most harmful, both to the Church and the State.

To bring about an antagonism between Church and Parliament, and to force the controversy into the realm of party politics, must be the result of adopting the course advocated by you and the Bishops, unless in the meantime a new set of conditions has been reached by clearing up the two points stated above.

It would be a disaster if once again Church and Parliament were to disagree, and play into the hands of those who, even now, are keenly advocating Disestablishment. But at the moment it looks as if the Bishops, supported by your influential paper, are going to force this disagreement. Let us hope that among the Bishops wiser counsels may prevail.—I am, Sir, &c.,

W. P. COLFOX.

Symondsbury Manor, Bridport.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Some of us, after reading the report of the Prayer Book debates in the Upper and Lower Houses, must have felt it to be a great pity that there were no clergy in the Commons to speak upon the motion with the authority and knowledge which practical experience and lifelong study can give.—I am, Sir, &c.,

F. KEELING SCOTT,
Rural Dean.

Swaffham, Norfolk.

BRITISH-AMERICAN RELATIONS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—May I again intrude on this subject? I do not think that any beneficent purpose would be served by continuing the discussion on the failure of the Naval Conference at Geneva, but I am equally convinced that no useful purpose would be served by throwing discredit on our representatives, who had been given the impossible task of finding the greatest common measure of two totally different naval policies. It is sufficient to say that the American Navy does not come into the calculation of our requirements and that we are reducing, not increasing, our Naval programme as a result of the Conference. Similarly, I claim the right to appeal to our past history as evidence of the settled policy of this nation to maintain peace at all costs with America.

During the American Civil War our people in Lancashire were starving, owing to the blockade of the Southern States, and the Emperor Napoleon urged intervention. It would have been easy to have raised that blockade, and as a matter of fact the North had by inference extended the right of maritime capture beyond the limits of previous jurisprudence. But as the records now show, we maintained the most loyal neutrality, and the 'Alabama' case, though an infringement of our municipal law, was not a violation of international law as it then stood previous to the Treaty of Washington. Even so, she escaped by an unfortunate accident against the wish of the Government. And I claim that our attitude in the Venezuela dispute was both patient and conciliatory.

It is unfortunate that certain alien sections in America should misrepresent British policy and excite feeling against England, but that is no reason why Englishmen should endorse their action. That there are sections in both nations who are narrow in their views and unacquainted with history is indisputable. It has been the effort of English and American historians to repair this defect by the publication of impartial narratives in which justice is done to both sides.

The phenomenon of Big Bill Thompson is evidence of their success on the other side of the Atlantic. For if they had had no influence there would have been no need for that strange educationist to appeal for an alteration of historical facts to meet the demands of a dying prejudice. And in England there have been many incidents indicative of good feeling. Mr. Law quotes the Venezuela incident, but why omit the fact that on a memorable day the Stars and Stripes flew side by side with the Union Jack on the Victoria Tower at Westminster within sight of the Lincoln Statue?

When in 1860 Admiral Sir James Hope was lying wounded in the cabin of a gunboat in front of the Taku Forts the American Admiral, a neutral, came through the fire in his barge to inquire for his wounded friend. When asked why he

ran such a risk he replied: "Blood is thicker than water." The barge's crew explained that they were neutrals and could not help to fire the gunboat's gun, but they could pass the shot along. Surely such a juridical deliverance should not be forgotten. It stands for much.—I am, Sir, &c.,

GRAHAM BOWER.

Studwell Lodge, Broxford, Hants.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—I do not wish to weary you with letters on the subject of British-American relations, but I would like to add a few points to reinforce my previous letter.

The Americans were co-guarantors of Belgian independence, but they would not fight. Instead they traded with both combatants and profiteered hugely. Incidentally they made our necessary action at sea very difficult and there was even a danger of war at one time.

They took a leading part at the Versailles negotiations, but they would not sign the Treaty. Next came the League of Nations, in the discussions of which they took a leading part, but they would not join, and after this we have the War Debt settlement. They are getting and are going to get their pound of flesh from the next two generations.

Lastly, we have the Geneva Conference, of which they were the authors and which, in my view, *pace* those who think otherwise, they have brought to naught.—I am, Sir, &c.,

L. E. P. WOLFERSTAN.

Forwood, Minchinhampton.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—With regard to the burning question of naval parity between America and Great Britain, so much bad feeling has been engendered, so many false conclusions have been drawn, so much has the issue been obscured, that it seems worth while to consider the matter from a common-sense basis, and from a common-sense basis only.

Let us put aside, then, all jealousy, rivalry, accusations of bad faith, and so on, as so many weeds that are being allowed to choke the growth of a promising tree, the successful fruiting of which is of such infinite importance not only to ourselves but to the rest of the world.

To say that war between America and Great Britain is unthinkable is a platitude; statesmen, the Press, the man in the street are all agreed on this fundamental point. It is an unshakable rock on which we stand, but the surface is slippery, and unless we are careful we are apt to lose our footing, or, conscious that we can always scramble back again, we forsake its safe solidity and flounder in dangerous places.

The financial resources of the United States are indubitably greater than ours; they can outbid us every time. Well, what if they can? We are friends, cousins of the same stock; we are imbued with the same spirit of good will towards the rest of the world, have the same desire for its welfare and advancement—compatibly with our own. What business is it of ours how they spend their money? And if they are out for a big Navy why should we complain? Is it not rather a reason for congratulation? A mistaken idea of prestige should not influence us in the least; in our case it would be childish.

Before the War we were the richer nation and creditors of America; now it is the other way about. But what does it matter? They are our friends and have been our brothers-in-arms, and may be again. This being so, the stronger they are the better. We think we have enough ships to go on with, though perhaps a few more would not hurt; anyhow we cannot afford them. America can afford them and says she means to have them. The retort to this is—and we can shout it from the assured refuge of our rock—"Splendid! More power to your elbow; we know you will never turn them against us, and we may be glad of them some day."

True, America might be rather taken aback on learning that this was our attitude towards her policy of aggrandisement. But she could scarcely be angered by it, and if she were aware that this was the considered view of the British nation it might go far to appease the soreness which appears to exist on the other side of the Atlantic. Let the doubters on this side rally to it!—I am, Sir, &c.,

Rock, Cornwall. RONALD HEPBURN.

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—The Congress address was noteworthy in that Mr. Coolidge tried to advocate opposing ideals. His tribute to the cause of world peace, and his bestowal of America's blessing upon all efforts directed at that end, are interesting specimens of pious rhetoric. The President then passed on to America's future naval ambitions; foreshadowed a spectacular programme: and plainly stated that the actions, and by inference the feelings, of other nations would not enter into the matter.

Supposing that Great Britain suddenly decided markedly to strengthen her naval establishment in the Bermudas, and at the same time commenced to plan large military air-stations in Nova Scotia, would American public opinion accept any expressions of pacific intent? Is it likely that the cry, "War between the two countries is unthinkable," would be raised? On the contrary, questions of intention would be asked; what such an increase of strength was for, and against whom it was directed.

Acting on the simple logic that when a man takes off his coat he is looking for trouble, British public opinion sees in America's projected fleet a menace to the peace of the world in general, and to Britain in particular. The world is entitled to ask America for what purpose she requires such a navy; against what contingency it is constructed; and above all, on which coast, Atlantic or Pacific, the dockyards and stations for its maintenance are to be placed.

America cannot contend that it is nothing to do with other people, any more than I am justified in buying a brace of savage wolfhounds, permitting them to roam my property on offensive against nothing more lethal than blackbirds and thrushes; and answering my neighbour that it is solely my own personal concern.

Last month, *Popular Mechanics*, an American journal of wide circulation, published an interview with Mr. Edison. His present work of trying to grow rubber in Florida was outlined, and, lest it might be thought that commercial ends were the only ones, Mr. Edison—a keen observer for all his years—plainly stated that rubber plantations or an effective substitute were a vital necessity to America in a conflict with Europe, which he visualized in no uncertain colours. Rubber is an essential commodity in present warfare, and at present Great Britain controls most of the world's crop.

Friendliness between ourselves and America will only be obtained when the mutual misunderstandings and irritations are understood, and concerted efforts at the elimination made. There are circles favourable to Britain in America, but also a powerful Press and other influences exist that are positively hostile. To maintain that anti-British opinion is not representative of American sentiment is simply begging the question.

America proposes to construct armaments without considering the wishes of other nations, and fairly the question might be asked of Mr. Coolidge: With what feelings would his nation view the application of the economic weapon against America by Europe?—I am, Sir, &c.,

REGINALD H. YOUNG.

10 *Arcade Chambers,*
Corporation Street, Birmingham.

[In the past the size of the British Navy was conditioned by what Great Britain considered were her requirements. America in formulating her naval policy is naturally only thinking of what she considers her requirements, and she should be the best judge as to what they are. We regard every British warship and every American warship as guardians of world peace. If America decided to build a fleet three times the size of our own we should have nothing to say against such a course.—ED. *Spectator.*]

THE KENSINGTON HOUSING TRUST

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—With reference to Captain Townroe's excellent article in your last issue, on the Kensington Housing Trust, may I add a word as to the object we had in view in forming the Trust?

Our special aim is to help those people who cannot afford to pay the rents commonly charged for houses built under the various Housing Acts. This large class of the respectable working population has hitherto derived no benefit whatever

from the national housing effort, although its plight is really terrible, as conditions—*e.g.*, in Kensington—prove. Kensington and the ring of metropolitan boroughs similarly situated are subject to a double pressure; the rising site values in the City and central areas are forcing the resident population outward, while the lure of possible employment, too often deceptive, keeps drawing people from the country to town. Hence the intolerable pressure upon space in those boroughs with consequent overcrowding and all its attendant evils.

Experience leads us to believe that semi-philanthropic private enterprise is the best means yet devised for fighting those evils, and in this we have the support and encouragement of the Minister of Health. Aided by generous gifts of money, and applications for Loan Stock at low rates of interest, the Kensington Housing Trust has made an excellent start. Captain Townroe's article bears witness to the fact that the work of the Trust is being done with extreme efficiency, and consequently with no waste of money. Low rents are our cardinal object, and we are careful to see that the selected tenants are those who are in the greatest need of them. Captain Townroe referred to one of our new flats comprising living room, three bedrooms, scullery, bathroom and lavatory, which is let to a family consisting of man, wife, and seven children, at a rent of 16s. per week. I would like to add that that rent is inclusive of rates.

I venture to appeal to all interested in this work to help by way of a free gift, or a subscription for Loan Stock. £20,000 is urgently required to enable us to proceed with the immediate erection of our main block of new flats. I shall be very glad to answer inquiries from anyone interested, or applications may be made to the Secretary of the Trust, which is registered under the Industrial and Provident Societies Act, at the office, 138 Portobello Road, W. 11.—I am, Sir, &c.,

BALFOUR OF BURLEIGH.

31 *Bedford Gardens, W.* 8.

FOX-HUNTING

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In reply to Mr. Lionel James, may I draw attention to four points overlooked by him:—

(1) His claim, that foxes owe their continued existence to the sport, is in amusing conflict with that other claim, so often made by fox-hunters, the gratitude of the farmer—that they are keeping down a troublesome pest.

(2) When Mr. James bids us humanitarians attend to the cruelties of the slaughterhouse, he forgets that, when we do so, we are often told by flesh-eaters that it is the barbarities of sport which ought first to be denounced.

(3) If only vegetarians (I am one) had the right to condemn sport, then, by parity of reasoning, no single practice could be attacked except by persons who have cleared themselves of responsibility for all other equally cruel usages, and no humane progress would ever be possible. Here, again, Mr. James forgets that every practice must be judged on its own merits, or demerits; not by the consistency or inconsistency of the persons who criticize it.

(4) Mr. James, who adjures us to be vegetarians, thinks that the boon of life compensates the fox for being hunted. Dean Inge, who agrees with us in condemning sport, thinks that the boon of life compensates the pig for being butchered. Both contentions are vitiated by the same fallacy—the idea that it is possible to compare existence with non-existence, and found an ethic thereon. Of non-existence we can predicate *nothing*; and when we "bring a being into the world," as we vaguely express it, we cannot claim from him any gratitude, or drive a bargain with him (and a very shabby one), on that account. All reasoning based on such assumptions must necessarily be false, and will lead to grotesque conclusions.

—I am, Sir, &c., HENRY S. SALT.

15 *Sandgate Road, Brighton.*

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Your ingenious correspondent, Mr. Sibley, says that it should not "pass the wit of modern man to organize a clean sweep [of foxes] by systematic shooting and netting." Similarly, it would doubtless be possible to exterminate deer, hare, badger, otter, and other pleasant beasts of whose existence Mr. Sibley presumably does not approve, because they are hunted. So this is humanitarianism! *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant.* Well may the hunted animals pray to be delivered from their "friends."—I am, Sir, &c.,

E. W. HENDY.

Porlock.

CURIOSITIES OF PRONUNCIATION

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—In the old records Fowey is spelt Foy. It is an example of words, not a few, which have changed their spelling but not their pronunciation. Launceston is another. In the old deeds it is Lanson and that is its pronunciation to-day. The spoken word is more vigorous and longer-lived than the written. People in this county of Huntingdon still say "housen" but they write "houses."

What Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch thinks of Foy, now Fowey, is sufficiently reflected in a book of his which purports to be the history of a town called Troy. How comes Keighley to be called Keithley?—I am, Sir, &c.,

Huntingdon. CRAIG COLIN.

"TRAVEL, ADVENTURE, AND SPORT!"

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—"A Bookseller's" paper in a recent issue of the *Spectator* reminds me that a few years ago, in a well-known bookshop-library in London, I was gratified by finding *The Hunting of the Snark* on the shelves allotted to Travel, Adventure, and Sport.—I am, Sir, &c., A. R. BOLUS.

Hotel Beau Rivage, St. Raphaël (Var), France.

SUMMINGS UP

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Here are two little-known epitaphs:—

Here lies poor Tom Parr.
What, old Tom?
No, young Tom.
Ah.

To the Memory of an Honest Attorney.

The gates of Heaven to him will open wide,
But will be shut to all the tribe beside.

—I am, Sir, &c., F. KEELING SCOTT, Vicar.

The Vicarage, Swaffham, Norfolk.

A USE FOR STAMPS IN SCHOOLS

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—There has been a generous response to my appeal for stamps. May I, through the *Spectator*, thank the senders, so many of whom have remained anonymous? Sorting and mounting the stamps has given the children much pleasure and has stimulated their interest in the lectures.—I am, Sir, &c., EVELYN M. CONSTABLE.

Old Woolwich Road G. School, Greenwich, S.E.

THE WINTER DISTRESS LEAGUE

[*To the Editor of the* SPECTATOR.]

SIR,—Knowing so well your sympathy for those who want work, and cannot find it through no fault of their own, I would ask you to put before your readers an appeal for help from the Winter Distress League.

The League has on its books a long, long list of men in desperate need of work, all of them with wives and young children. A small number of men are already employed under the League's Employment Schemes, but the number is woefully small owing to lack of funds, and the waiting list grows longer every day. If your readers could see the despondency and hear the often tragic stories of these many men who most genuinely desire work, I feel sure that their hearts and purses would be opened, and the League would be enabled to transfer many men from the waiting list to the wages list, and thus bring happiness to many homes where it has long been a stranger.

The best New Year cheer to these homes is the promise of a job to the wage-earner. As a member of the Council of the League since its foundation, I can speak for its work, which is both human in sentiment and eminently practical in method. The head office of the League is at 23 Bedford Row, London, W.C. 1, but all donations should be sent to the Hon. Mrs. Rupert Beckett, 20, Hanover Square, W. 1, who is making a special appeal for £100,000 for the Winter Distress League.—I am, Sir, &c., H. R. L. SHEPPARD.

23 *Bedford Row, London, W.C.* 1.

Some Books of the Week

THAT very wise book, Mr. Edwin Smith's *Golden Stool*, insists on a previous study of anthropology for any white administrator who is set over a non-European people. The triumphant career of Sir Harry Johnston vindicated the necessity times without number, and now Dr. Hose, in his *Fifty Years of Romance and Research* (Hutchinson, 30s.). tells how sympathy for and understanding of the beliefs and customs of primitive man brought him success in the jungles of Sarawak. Dr. Hose is indeed firmly of opinion "that all candidates for posts under Government in non-European countries should possess a working knowledge of anthropology." That opinion is amply confirmed by this excellent book on the little-known region of Sarawak, in which the author, one of Rajah Brooke's officers, played the part of "a sort of connecting-link with primitive life and the ideas of modern times" in a country which was once the happy hunting-ground of Malay and Dayak pirates. Dr. Hose seems almost a born native administrator, and is besides a distinguished naturalist. May one say too that the man who first pointed medical science towards the cure of *beri-beri*, and who discovered and aided in the development of the second largest oilfield in the British Empire, has indeed deserved well of the republic? His book is a record of quiet adventure, of a fine personal courage and tact, and of a very special interest to the naturalist. One detail may be noted: let us be careful to call the great ape of Borneo the orang utan and not the orang utang; else we shall be talking (Dr. Hose tells us) of "one who has an overdraft." This is a book to read—truly a human document.

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The Cresset Press will earn the gratitude of all garden-lovers and fishermen who can secure one or both of its delicious reprints of William Lawson's *A New Orchard and Garden* (12s. 6d.) and Gervase Markham's *The Pleasures of Princes* (12s. 6d.). Such books are the everlasting flowers of literature; but we grow no more of them now, for, to misquote a well-worn line, "none has got the seed." Lawson called bees "sweet and tender," and it is only by dwelling on such a phrase that one realizes how entirely right he is. So with all his advices and descriptions: "Your Gardner can frame your lesser wood to the shape of men armed in the field, ready to give battle; of swift-running Grey-Hounds, or of well-sented and true-running Hounds to chase the Deer, or hunt the Hare. This kind of hunting shall not waste your Corn, nor much your Coyn." Markham's "discourse of the generall art of Fishing" has the same mature and inimitable charm, with plenty of sound information, and indeed it only fails of being the most delightful angler's handbook in existence because *The Compleat Angler* goes one better. If any books have the power of making one's mouth water, here they are. A very beautiful reprint of *The Compleat Angler*, illustrated from engravings on wood by Mr. E. Fitch Daglish, is published by Thornton Butterworth at two guineas—the best production of this indispensable book we have yet seen.

* * * *

Two British statesmen, and only two, are among the twenty-two *Guides, Philosophers and Friends* whose characters are studied in a kindly and thoughtful book by Dr. C. F. Thwing, the well-known President Emeritus of Western Reserve University, Cleveland, Ohio (New York: Macmillan. 3 dollars 50 cents). The two are Lord Bryce, of course, and Lord Morley, whom Dr. Thwing numbered with all the others among his personal friends. Morley said once that he had been asked by Disraeli's executors to write the official life of Disraeli and refused because "the result would not have been artistic." Certainly it was an odd choice; perhaps that is why the fact that the offer was made has only now come to light. Dr. Thwing admired Bryce, not only as a very wise man, but as a devout man, and likens him to J. H. Newman. The studies of John Hay, A. D. White, C. W. Eliot, and other distinguished Americans are intimate and attractive.

* * * *

The British Continental Press (51 Carey Street, W.C. 2) send us the first number of a supplement of the *Textil-Zeitung*, which has been distributed to 50,000 readers all over Central Europe with the object of promoting co-operation with the textile industries of this country. Published in Germany, and thoroughly well illustrated and written, this publication is a sign of the times and of that spirit of international enterprise which will restore prosperity to Europe.

* * * *

Founded in 1835 as a local institution, the deposits of the Savings Bank of Airdrie have now reached over £3,500,000. The story of this bank is told in an intimate and pleasant way by Mr. James Knox in *The Triumph of Thrift*. (Baird and Hamilton, Ltd., Airdrie. 3s. 6d.)

* * * *

It is a long time since we have seen such an exquisite tribute to the beauty of one of the English counties as *Berkshire Vale* (Blackwell, 15s.), by Mr. Wilfred Howe-Nurse and Mr. Cecil Aldin. The book owes its existence, of course, to the genius of its illustrator, and, charmingly simple as the poet's verses are, it must be admitted that they are not on the same artistic level as the drawings. The rarely sympathetic quality of Mr. Aldin's softly tinted sketches is quite inexpressible in words. He makes us long to be again travelling over that high ridge of the Downs, above the White Horse Vale, in summer weather, where the country is all wide curves and undulating grasslands. No Berkshire man should miss this book.

* * * *

If the *Chelsea Song Book* (The Cresset Press, 15s.) is really representative of the songs they sing in Chelsea—we have no idea whether it is or not—then Chelsea must command our admiration. Here are twenty excellent old songs, Folk Songs, Shanties, and Cockney Songs, amusingly illustrated in colour, and with some exceptions newly arranged for the piano by Mr. Charles Kennedy Scott. Most of these new accompaniments are at least as musical as the earlier ones.

* * * *

Home, the illustrated Australian monthly published at 2s., is a revelation of what progress is being made in publishing in Sydney. The beautiful illustrations of the scenic and human loveliness in Australia, the society articles, the copious advertisements, the high standard of the text, all bear witness to the fact that the island continent is forging ahead—ahead of the mother country in some respects. *Home* is like a cross between *Vogue* and *The Saturday Evening Post*, but with an individuality of its own.

* * * *

In the *Spectator* of December 24th, the price of *A Diary of Thomas de Quincey*, published by Noel Douglas, was given as £1 15s. 0d. It should have been £1 1s. 0d.

The Short Story Competition

COMPETITORS will be interested to hear that there have been an unusual number of entries for the Short Story Competition. We hope to publish the winning story in our issue of February 4th.

General Knowledge Questions

THE prize of one guinea which the Editor offers each week for the best set of thirteen general knowledge questions has been awarded this week to Mr. A. L. Emanuel, for the following:—

Indian Questions

1. Which are the three chief religions of India?
2. Which, and how large, is the largest Native State?
3. What causes plague?
4. Which large province of the Indian Empire is free from caste?
5. How many annas make a rupee, and how many rupees a lac of rupees?
6. What was the "Overland Route"?
7. Which is the most widespread language of India, and which is spoken by most persons?
8. Who built the Taj Mahal?
9. What is a "Collector"?
10. When were the East India Company's powers abolished?
11. Are there any lions in India?
12. What is the "Gateway of India"?
13. What is the occupation of the majority of the people of India?

Answers will be found on page 30.

A Dazzling Woman

Portrait of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. By Iris Barry. (Ernest Benn. 15s.)

"But you have dared to have wit joined to beauty," wrote Edward Montagu to Lady Mary Pierrepont in the course of that interminable and acrimonious correspondence which preceded their marriage. Old, exhausted, ravaged by disease, embittered by the world's ingratitude, Lady Mary Montagu must have felt, when she looked back on life from her Italian exile, that she had indeed paid dearly for her audacity. When she came to Rome, she could only say, "If among the fountains I could find the waters of Lethe, I should be completely happy. I carry the serpent that poisons the Paradise I am in."

Miss Iris Barry has written a striking portrait of this famous and unfortunate Englishwoman, and has written it in so easy a style that it delights the reader as it would have delighted Lady Mary herself. The sober historian may be shocked by Miss Barry's transitions from the known to the unknown; by her failure to give much indication of when she is quoting and when reconstructing; and by the absence of references to sources of information; but for our part, we are confident that she has fully justified her method. There is no claim here to dry-as-dust scholarship, nor to the appraisal of some great figure of the period—a Marlborough, a Pitt, or a Walpole, round whom controversy rages. Lady Mary, as our author says, "never meddled in politics—she simply knew that the Whigs were the right people." And the importance of her life rests entirely on what she was, not what she did. Therefore, historical truth, in the deepest sense of the words, depends even more on the insight of her biographer than on the verification of the events of her existence. We believe, then, that Miss Barry has rightly interpreted her subject, and in doing that she has done everything. Yet "the real woman," she admits, "is something of a mystery." True, but every woman and every man is very much of a mystery, and we are quite willing to follow Miss Barry's enterprising and entertaining guessing, rather than to arraign her for not sticking more closely to the dry bones of history.

The great merit of the book is that it traces and exposes the fundamental development of Lady Mary's character. How deep, how physiological almost, that change must have been we can realize when we compare the true, tender (but indeed always capable) girl disclosed in the Edward Montagu correspondence with the brilliant but inhuman and infinitely cold woman of the Lord Hervey period. This profound change for the worse was the fault, Miss Barry suggests (without ever quite saying so), of Montagu; and no doubt she is right. But no matter whose fault it was, it was certainly Lady Mary's tragedy. In old age, perhaps, she changed again, and recaptured something of her girlhood's humanity. But then it was easy to be humane, philosophical, tender, in the half compulsory retirement into which Alexander Pope ("the wicked wasp of Twickenham," as she called him) and the malice of the world had driven her.

How terrible is the story of her relationship with Pope! There was a dazzling first meeting of these two persons of genius. Pope wrote marvellous wit-encrusted letters to her, of which Miss Barry gives this perfect specimen:—

> "You may easily imagine how desirous I must be of a correspondence with a person who had taught me long ago that it was as possible to esteem at first sight as to love; and who has since ruined for me all the conversation of one sex, and almost all the friendship of the other. I am but too sensible, through your means, that the company of men wants a certain softness to recommend it, and that of woman wants everything else . . ."

But the corroding venom of Pope's attack upon her, after she had laughed at him, made the world see poor Lady Mary as worse than any of her contemporaries, pillorying her with the nickname of "Sappho," which he had first given in adulation:—

> "Yet here, as e'en in hell, there must be still
> One giant vice, so excellently ill
> That all beside one pities, not abhors:
> As who knows Sappho, smiles at other ——"

But what finally broke Lady Mary and drove her into exile was the pitiless letter of Lord Peterborough, that great adventurous soldier, to whom she had written for help against her tormentor. His Lordship returned what Miss Barry well calls "the most courteously disobliging letter a woman could fear to receive":—

> "Mr. Pope wondered how the town could apply those lines to any but some noted common woman; that he should be yet more surprised if you should take them to yourself."

And so this brilliant woman went out for the last period of her life to farm (most seriously) in Northern Italy; to write a great series of letters to her daughter, Lady Bute, who was just coming into the power and glory which her mother had grasped at so avidly and had seen fade from her. Writing to her daughter, and warning her of the inevitable disappointments of life, she says:—

> "It is more in our power than is commonly believed to soften whatever ills are founded or augmented by fancy. Strictly speaking, there is but one real evil—I mean, acute pain; all other complaints are so considerably diminished by time, that it is plain the grief is owing to our passion, since the sensation of it vanishes when that is over."

It is perhaps appropriate that the author of such words should have introduced preventive vaccination against smallpox to these islands. As a matter of fact, Lady Mary thought nothing of this matter, and was only desperately bored by the number of people who worried her about it. Nothing would have astounded her more than that her reputation should rest, to a large extent, upon this discovery. And, indeed, in a sense her astonishment would be justified, for it was only the chance result of her husband's embassy to Turkey. Her reputation should rest, and Miss Barry's book will help it to do so, not upon anything she did, or even upon anything she said, but on what she was—a dazzling woman, set in the midst of one of the most brilliant societies that have ever held the stage in England.

No Flowers

Five Centuries of Religion. By G. G. Coulton. Vol. II. The Friars and the Dead Weight of Tradition. (Cambridge University Press. 31s. 6d.)

At a moment in which many view our own ecclesiastical situation with peculiar discouragement, the second instalment of Dr. Coulton's ruthless and detailed exploration of mediaeval Christianity may have at once a tonic and a soothing effect. It is consoling to be reminded at such a juncture how often institutional religion has been in a bad way, and how often it has reasserted its power: to realize that our own troubles are nothing, in comparison with those endured by our ancestors in the "ages of faith." The present volume, which surveys the religious field of Western Europe during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, includes of course what is often put before us as the Golden Age of Catholic culture: the period which saw the rise of the mendicant orders, the teaching of Albertus Magnus and St. Thomas Aquinas, the flowering of Gothic art. It also deals with the swift and tragic ruin of the mendicant ideal, as it existed in the minds of St. Francis and St. Dominic, and the general decadence of the monastic system; a record redeemed by the lives of a few heroic saints.

This dramatic and depressing story, as revealed by contemporary witnesses, gives Dr. Coulton a theme admirably adapted to his powers. Though the book might easily be dismissed by careless readers as mainly a dismal catalogue of monastic misdemeanours, it will be found absorbingly interesting by those who give it the attention it deserves. It is true that its author, when laying aside the rose-coloured spectacles of the romantic historian, seems to have replaced them by a pair of those wanly tinted glasses which are recommended to persons who cannot bear strong sunlight; glasses which bring everything into sharp focus, but take all pleasing colour from the scene. Hence dustbins are well perceived in all their stark unpleasantness; but the grass does not look as green as it is really, and human beings have an unhealthy air. The reader is therefore required to make a certain imaginative

effort, and reintroduce the missing glow and colour, if he would get the value of the picture right. Then he will find himself in possession of a greatly enriched historical landscape, looking from a new angle at the intricate society of the Middle Ages, and learning from it fresh and valuable lessons about the perennial characteristics of human life.

The chief truths which Dr. Coulton seems concerned to drive home to us are those of the transcendent worth of human character, and the fugitive nature of its influence on the social order, the swift decay of the institutions which embody its ideals. Hence he insists that it is unscientific to estimate any religious or social system by the lofty character and achievement of its heroes and saints. If we want to know the truth about religion in the Middle Ages, we must go to Matthew Paris and Salimbene, rather than St. Francis or St. Catherine of Siena. Certainly, as he allows, "the best men of those days were as good as the best of any day; and, to the very end, a considerable proportion of these best men were in the monasteries." Nevertheless, their average inhabitants were "people of not very much more than average intelligence or morals or piety, leading a life not essentially different from the average life of their time." And, since barbarous passions and customs still survived, and Nature often asserted her rights with a frankness which would now invite the earnest attention of the police, it was inevitable that the moralist should find much to condemn inside as well as outside the cloister. After all, the genuine "religious" is in all ages a rare type. In the flourishing period of monasticism, when a variety of causes—some social and some superstitious—drew crowds of unsuitable candidates into the cloister, religious houses were filled by men and women neither better nor worse than their secular neighbours. We might expect—and Dr. Coulton leaves us in no doubt upon the subject—that a certain proportion of these would crave, and often obtain, the grosser indulgences of sense. Such a figure as that of the great and saintly Archbishop Odo, who is described with the elaborate and loving care which Dr. Coulton is always ready to lavish on the noble personalities who attract him, necessarily stands in sharpest contrast to the average condition of monastic life during the later Middle Ages. We have to remind ourselves, as we read the relentless catena of horrifying quotations from contemporary witnesses, which forms one of the most impressive sections of this book, that the indignation of reforming saints inevitably found violent utterance; whereas they gave less vigorous expression to their approval when all was well. Even the appalling case of the Evesham Abbacy, which is given in full and often amusing detail, or Odo's careful census of disorderly convents and immoral priests, must be balanced in thought (if we wish to be quite just) against those happy monasteries which merely kept their rule and had no history; and which, therefore, make few appearances in the chronicles of the time.

EVELYN UNDERHILL.

Flying—Yesterday and To-day

The Old Flying Days. By Major C. C. Turner. (Sampson Low. 25s.)
The Beginnings of Organised Air Power. By J. M. Spaight. (Longmans. 17s. 6d.)
India by Air. By Sir Samuel Hoare. (Longmans, Green. 6s. 6d.)
All the World's Aircraft. Edited by C. G. Grey. (Sampson Low. 42s.)
We—Pilot and Plane. By Charles A. Lindbergh. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

AT a time when all the world is becoming "air-minded" the appearance of Major Turner's book, *The Old Flying Days*, and Mr. Spaight's work on *The Beginnings of Organised Air Power* is particularly welcome. The perusal of these books will remind a forgetful public that England took her part in developing aviation and contributed her full share of intrepid pioneers of the air.

Major Turner was among the first who learned to fly, his certificate, number 70 on the Royal Aero Club list, being dated 1911. He is, therefore, well qualified to write of the "Old Brigade, and the chapters he devotes to early days at Eastchurch and at Brooklands revive memories of gallant fellows many of whose names one shamefully admits to have almost forgotten. Major Turner has admirably succeeded in his attempt "to place on record a very remarkable struggle . . . against inertness, even prejudice, not only of the community generally, but of scientific men."

The struggle is still going on. Apathy and opposition have not yet been overcome. Seven years before the War the British Admiralty rejected the proposals of the Wright brothers, telling them that the "employment of aeroplanes would not be of any practical service to the Navy." With the War came a change of mind, and at the Armistice Great Britain, according to the opinion of a U.S. Aviation mission, was "well in the lead in practically every phase of aerial development." Since that time this country has allowed herself to drop into a very inferior position in the number of military aircraft, and still more so in the development of civil aviation. Inertia and apathy have again manifested themselves. Major Turner's book is written for the layman, as well as for the airman, in simple language that avoids tiresome technicalities. Every one of its three hundred pages, interleaved with excellent illustrations, is worth reading. It is impossible to skip. It is in fact a book to be owned—a book of reference and an inspiring record of difficulties overcome.

Mr. Spaight tells us that the organization of air power began in 1916 and in three years the British had made themselves supreme in number of personnel, aircraft and means of production and the youngest fighting service had won a position which the senior service had taken over a century in more leisurely days to win. The testimony of General von Hoeppner, of the German Army Air Service, leaves no doubt that Germany was beaten in sheer organizing power by Britain after the Somme battle of 1917, when "England, and not France, was the enemy whom Germany had to fear in the air." He admits the utter impossibility of coping with the British programme of construction which produced nearly 27,000 machines in the ten months of 1918. General Seely, speaking at a meeting of the Air League at the Mansion House in June, 1920, stated that we were incomparably the best equipped of all nations in the air.

But there were terrible periods when, for instance, among the lumbering sobersides like our B.E.'s there appeared suddenly the small deadly monoplane known as the Fokker E.I. It was in vain, writes Mr. Spaight, that the official apologists attempted to minimize the superiority of the Fokker. The pilots knew better. "Our machines stand no chance with the Fokker," wrote Albert Ball early in 1916. "The Hun R.F.C. is far ahead of us, in fact about 30 m.p.h." Meanwhile, the public were being told comfortable things by Cabinet Ministers who thought to camouflage the deficiencies of the Service. In this, of course, they were not entirely to blame. They were then, as to-day, briefed by high-placed persons in the Air Ministry. If in the crisis of war the public could be thus misled, the horrid thought occurs: Is our position to-day also camouflaged?

We read that one crack squadron, No. 60, lost thirty-five officers in two months in the spring of 1917. In April alone the losses were 105 per cent. of its strength. Then the Press came to the rescue and called for stern measures against whoever was responsible for our lost superiority in material. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu stated in September, 1916, that after the War "we shall require an air defence all round our 2,000 miles of coast and in some parts the stations could not be more than twenty miles distant from one another. That would mean that a permanent force of 20,000 aeroplanes at a cost of £15,000,000 and a force of 160,000 officers and men." With this forecast one may compare the actual strength of the R.A.F. eleven years later, in 1927, namely, 700 odd first line machines and a little over 30,000 officers and men. Similar recommendations were made by the late Lord Curzon. How short are the memories of the politicians, how apathetic the public!

Mr. Spaight's book comes opportunely. It should be read by the airman and the layman, by the politician and the public—not only as an inspiration but as a warning—not merely as a reminder of gallant deeds half forgotten, but of stupidities that must not be repeated!

Sir Samuel Hoare's book, *India by Air*, embellished by an introduction by Lady Maud Hoare, D.B.E., is delightfully written. Our Secretary of State for Air is a very glutton for work. Is a new gadget discovered, he hastens to test it—a new device, and he promptly seeks a demonstration. One

doubts whether any other country has so conscientious and courageous an Air Minister, and Lady Maud is no less enterprising. In this book they make light of what must have been most trying moments when the elements were by no means kind to them on their trip to and from India.

A score of years ago Kipling wrote: "We are at the opening verse of the opening page of a chapter of endless possibilities." One hopes that Mr. Kipling will peep at *All the World's Aircraft*, 1927, edited by C. G. Grey, editor of the *Aeroplane*. This is the seventeenth year of its publication. The opening verse and the opening chapter have now been written—some sentences in letters of blood! It is a gallant story. In this volume are detailed descriptions of the flying services of the nations. Fifty countries are dealt with and one marvels at the editor's industry and research in compiling this fascinating record of progress during the year. The list of world records makes poor showing for Great Britain. The Hon. Lady Bailey gave us an altitude record for light aeroplanes and Capt. Broad, in his "Tiger Moth," captured two more. All the rest go to our competitors. Self-confidence is sometimes a virtue—complacency is generally a crime.

Colonel Lindbergh dedicates his book to his mother and to the men "whose confidence and foresight made possible the flight of 'The Spirit of St. Louis'" across the Atlantic. He names eight financiers and aviation experts. This modesty is in accordance with the whole tenor of his book as well as of his demeanour after he had achieved his wonderful solo flight over the Atlantic.

When Colonel Lindbergh was in London and Paris he was at pains to remind his somewhat hysterical admirers that his path had already been traversed by Sir John Alcock and Sir A. Whitten Brown in 1919 and that in the same year the gallant crew of the R.34 had faced the perils of the Atlantic air route both westward and eastwards, undergoing dangers and discomforts far greater than his own. Charles Lindbergh was, in fact, the sixty-seventh individual successfully to make the Atlantic crossing by air, for the German airship Z.R.3, with a crew of thirty-three, flew to America more than six years ago.

Nothing, however, can detract from the courage and endurance of young Lindbergh, who tells the story of his career in this book with a simplicity and humour that still further enhance his high reputation.

N. G. T.

G.K.C. and R.L.S.

Stevenson. By G. K. Chesterton. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)

A STUDY of Robert Louis Stevenson by Gilbert Keith Chesterton kindles a bright anticipation in the mind. For the champion of the Romantics—of the Fantastics even—should have great affinity with the author of *The New Arabian Nights*; and a name which flies the banner of the Earls Marischal of Scotland seems a pledge of some real comprehension of that misunderstood country. True, the liquor that flows in the 'Flying Inn' has a simpler, more headstrong quality than the fine French claret that warms your heart in Stevenson's thrilling hostel on the Great North Road. But both writers are keenly aware of the beauty and terror of life; both exalt the only virtues that matter much, the uncommanded virtues of courage and courtesy.

This is only a little book; but that is not why one has a certain disappointment in reading it. The blithe anticipation is partly fulfilled; for the pages do gleam with sudden paradoxes of truth like swiftly unsheathed swords or unfurled flags, though not so richly as in the days when Mr. Chesterton was less doctrinaire. It is the many half-truths and the oddly unclarified impressions that may trouble even a reader whose taste for G.K.C. is almost a weakness. For this time he is not sure of his ground: the "Keith," after all, has not made him free of Scottish soil. There are sad moments when his tolerance for a land that suffered awhile the black jurisdiction of Knox and for a writer who was unfortunate enough to be of Calvinist ancestry, seems a trifle strained. Yet every Scots writer, whether English or "vernacular" be his medium, cannot be completely understood without some sympathetic conception of the racial conflicts that rend and exalt him. The eccentric, the vivid, the image-making, the violent elements in Stevenson were as inherited as the traits of the "Shorter Catechist" discerned by Henley.

"Puritan" religion and morality, sinister histories of great families, a certain thrift of living, a dark fatalism dipping down even to diabolism—these things appear chiefly to make up Mr. Chesterton's rather vague vision of the Scottish character. He should become aware of the other Scotland, whose tall Frenchified castles spring white and turreted by forest-glade and river-cape, whose garden-closes are sweet as those in Provençal romances, whose lily-leas are haunted yet by famous lovers, whose dialect, fierce and tender and disdainful, carries exotic words; a Scotland long acquainted with France and Spain and Italy, whose ballads and songs are glorious with golden ladies, or sweet with the gillyflowers or birks of Paradise, or unearthly with strange divination. "There is no Cult of the Child," says he hastily, though Stevenson himself is an argument against his words. He does not seem to realize yet that in Scotland Catholicism is not dead; and that Calvinism is. In a dim-violet island set with great gilded flowers I have seen a white and gold priest bow down in his little white chapel to the Children's Communion. A beautiful sight! And quite characteristic of Scotland.

Still, Stevenson was a Lowlander; and, though he loved the Highlands, he did not know them well. That division accounted for one of his dualities. The old songs call Lowlands and Highlands together, sometimes, for all their differences. Usually it is to weep for some fair, useless creature whose merit was that he rode at the ring and "was the queen's love." Indeed, the "bonnie Earl o' Moray" was a Stevensonian figure. And the whole pageant of Scots history and legend was in the blood of the Robert Louis Stevenson who was born in Edinburgh, where the rhythms of the hills that lie about the city equal in beauty and excel in poignancy those that girdle Florence, where the great "lands" climb up mysteriously through the blue twilight, and the bugles sound from the Castle Rock, and the lights begin in the Wynds through which Mary rode "with torches and an archer-guard" to sing French songs in Holyrood. There are yet nests of Whig lawyers, nests of Presbyterians? The enchantment of such a city could easily prevail against these with a sensitive and romantic child.

But it may be that Mr. Chesterton scores a point when he suggests that the City which charmed Stevenson's childhood undid his youth; and that the evil tradition of "sculduddery" encouraged by the eighteenth-century legal folk was a specially miserable and debasing form of trespass. The Calvinist *régime* did set up in some districts a startlingly ugly reaction, and Stevenson's passion for queer experience took him to some squalid places. At least he lost that natural ecstacy of youth, the rapture and regret of first love. And if, in compensation, he might have revealed the mysterious Claire as a Manon more heart-moving and less mutable, we shall never know, for the papers of the dead are at the mercy of the living. "I think that in his childhood he had the best luck in the world, and in his youth the worst luck in the world," says Mr. Chesterton. Very likely; but I am not convinced that the Calvinism of Edinburgh was responsible for either. Being a Scot, Robert Louis went much to Paris and Fontainebleau, where he was more at home in a happier Bohemianism. His lifelong feverish malady had its pathological effect, no doubt. But after all the unending travels between Arthur's Seat and the Hill in Samoa, he was suddenly maturing into a supreme vision of love and death, when his heart ceased, and his brain darkened, and his clairvoyant eyes saw no more.

Mr. Chesterton's spirited defence of Stevenson's style is entirely welcome to all those who still care for "picked and pointed" phrase. It is a profound and passionate medium for the melancholy, courageous, and adventurous themes he loved. Much is said here of the cutting edges of his art; and he has indeed an almost mediaeval sincerity and sharpness in his shaping quality. But how suave and harmonious could his manner be, especially when he was in the mood for a farcical situation! It is the deliberate misapplication of the elaborate and exquisite style that invests *The Wrong Box* with its madness of mirth.

There is one point which Mr. Chesterton does not make clear to me. He seems to think that, consciously or unconsciously, Stevenson was reacting against the morbidity of his period by returning to the "Skeltery" effects of his childhood, and by the conversion of a boy's serial into a work of art. This does seem to me far-fetched. One of his masters was Baudelaire, he was deeply concerned with art as art, and it would be easy to prove that Stevenson's idea of "success in life" is much the same as Pater's. His unfailing desire was merely to draw figures of grotesque or enchanting quality within the web of a gallant and life-bringing story; and surely the creator of Alan Breck, Prince Florizel, the Master of Ballantrae, Barbara Grant and Seraphina, holds us still "in a strong toil of grace."

Mr. Chesterton's book is of a most stimulating kind, and provokes a hundred comments, more or less admiring. I seem only to have said that he makes too much of Calvinism in Scotland. One might add that "Puritanism" is not the same thing.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR.

John Marshall in India

John Marshall in India. By Shafaat Ahmad Khan. (Oxford University Press. 21s.)

JOHN MARSHALL, a factor of the East India Company, who made the "Notes and Observations in Bengal," which are the matter of this volume, in the years between 1668 and 1672, and is known as "the earliest Englishman who really studied Indian Antiquities," recorded them in a very haphazard manner. Shafaat Ahmad Khan endeavours in this book to group Marshall's data according to subjects, that they may be henceforth easily available to students of Indian lore.

Marshall, from his diary, appears to have been a reserved, self-centred creature, with little interest in those with whom his lot was cast. He makes no mention of the fact that the Captain of the 'Blackmore,' a ship of the convoy he went East in, carried the King's Commission to retake Fort St. George (Madras) which was in rebellion; for the Company's late agent, Sir Edward Winter, had deposed George Foxcroft, elected as his successor by the Court of Committees, and usurped his office. Each ship of the convoy carried (as the log of the 'Unicorn' quaintly puts it) "12 Soldiers and other Ammunition for the purpose." Neither does he note the surprising fact that it was Foxcroft who welcomed the new factors on their arrival.

One imagines his "modest, soft-speaking manner" must have been of the kind which is so unspeakably irritating to more outspoken men, for without record of anything to lead up to such a result, a note he makes on April 20th, 1670, says: "This day Gab (Townshend, a senior factor) fell from words to blows about 1 o'clock afternoon." Those who know Bengal in April will understand why Townshend's temper then proved incapable of further strain. Marshall served under Job Charnock at Patna, but although we should like to hear something of the personality of the founder of Calcutta he fails to satisfy our curiosity. Singhya, some twelve miles from Patna, on the north bank of the Ganges, was the limit of his journeying from Balasore, and there he saw, away in the distance, what he calls the "Cathay or Caucasus Mountains," which shows that in the seventeenth century the Himalayas as such were unknown.

The most interesting part of the work is the introduction, in the production of which the author acknowledges the assistance of Miss Anstey, while Sir Richard Temple is responsible for many of the valuable notes to each of the chapters. These cover a variety of subjects: Religion, folk-lore, mathematics, astronomy, &c., the first-mentioned containing, curiously, perhaps the most amusing note in the book:—

"'Tis writ in the Arabian books that nothing is desirable but women, and what they cause desirable, for when the devill went first about to tempt Adam, he proffered him many things which he rejected, and when brought to him gold, Adam sleighted it, but when brought to him Eve, a woman, with her hee was much pleased and accepted of her. So the devill [was] going to carry away the gold again, but Adam told him that now hee had got a woman, hee could find use for the gold, which before hee could not."

The Magazines

Two months ago the *Nineteenth Century* published an article entitled "The Vatican, France, and L'Action Française," by Mr. W. W. Longford. Between the writer of the article and Cardinal Bourne a controversy has arisen, and with the consent of both parties all the letters which have passed between them are published in this January number under the same heading. The editor, while asserting the impartiality of his organ, does not conceal his sympathies. Doubtless, however, his readers will "take sides" upon the evidence only. In "Democracy through Liberal Spectacles" Lord Sydenham of Combe reasons with his usual clearness, vigour, wealth of allusion, and somewhat pedagogic dogmatism, against the Democratic Spirit. "The Haworth Parsonage: The Home of the Brontës" is to be turned into a Brontë Museum, through the generosity of Sir James Roberts. Mrs. Ellis Chadwick gives us an interesting picture of this melancholy home of genius standing in its bare surroundings—its walled garden divided from the churchyard by a hedge still thin and low in the place where "the death gate" used to stand.

A specially good number of the *Contemporary* contains an article by E. D. Simon entitled "The Need for a Royal Commission on Housing." The writer regrets the unwillingness of the Prime Minister in regard to this matter. How is the necessary evidence to be otherwise obtained? A million houses have been built, but the overcrowding in the slums remains as it was. The housing of a labourer's family in a post-War house involves serious financial difficulties, difficulties which have not received adequate thought. As things are, the large houses are occupied by the smaller families. A labourer with a large family cannot afford to be adequately housed. Are wages to go up? Can the price of houses come down? What about subsidies? What about rates—"the most vicious form of tax which exists in this country"? Should the population be induced to go further and further into the country or no? Experts differ on all these points. Mr. Albert Schweitzer, writing of "The Relations of the White and Coloured Races," discusses the conditions of primitive peoples in Africa from the standpoint of the man on the spot. He pleads their right to education, but to a "blend of education" which must be largely given by "artizan educators." "The native is in danger of cutting out the stage between primitive life and professional; he tends to eliminate the stages of agriculture and handicraft. He has a certain antagonism to the use of tools and a desire to sit in an office." In "Women Students in the Universities" Miss Margaret J. Tuke compares the students of to-day and of forty years ago, and regrets what seems to her a lowering of the intellectual standard and the fact that a University education for their daughters appeals less and less to the professional and upper class.

Mrs. Rosita Forbes in the *Fortnightly Review* excites and mystifies her readers by her experiences of "Black and White Magic." She has seen strange doings in the East and is more than half convinced of the supernatural powers of those who "by the rigorous elimination of every physical appetite have acquired a simplicity and a serenity which enable them to walk with God." She is, however, convinced that "the East can no more establish relations with the individual dead than we can," though its sages "can so separate mind and body that the former has an existence of its own and the latter can, if necessary, be independent of any material need." "The History of the Three Great Festivals" (Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide) is very pleasantly discussed by Mr. C. Whitaker-Wilson. He thinks it may be said to be proved that Christ was born on January 6th and not on December 25th. "Augur" proclaims the certain doom of "The Soviet Tsars." The Lenin dynasty will go the way of its predecessors and for the same reason, that it lacks democratic support.

In *Blackwood* Mr. William Bellows describes "A Traverse of the Matterhorn," "a hazardous yet glorious experience of a first-class peak during a first-class storm." Not only Alpine climbers will enjoy this excellent recital. "Highbrows and Lowbrows," by Pousse Cailloux, is a charming sketch of official working life in an out-of-the-way spot in the Empire, and "Karpreen's River" (unsigned) an equally pleasant sketch of official leisure.

Some interesting statistics regarding "Trade Union Officialism as a Career" are put before us by Mr. W. F.

Watson in *The English Review*. This "officialism" has risen from a poorly paid occupation to a well-paid profession. Up till 1915 two or three pounds a week was good pay for a high trade-union official. Now a man may hope for £20 a week. Salaries continue to soar although trade-union membership has alarmingly decreased and the funds of most unions are depleted. "Paying for Publication," by "Callinus," is an amusing analysis of "the itch to write." "Beggars and Begging Songs," by Violet Simpson, is another readable and entertaining paper. "A New French Interpretation of Disraeli," by Professor Charles Sarolea, is a charming appreciation of Maurois's brilliant portrait.

In "Episodes of the Month," *The National Review* warns the world against America, rejoices over the defeat of the New Prayer Book, deprecates the action of the Lords in "capitulating to clerical mandarins and political mugwumps," and laments greyhound racing as "the most disastrous social development of the past year." Under the title "The Toad under the Harrow," the editor writes of the British tax-payer, who is being governed, he declares, by spendthrifts, whether they call themselves Conservatives, Liberals, or Socialists. What the Socialists might save on disarmament they would spend on doles. No change of government can relieve "the toad," though no less than fifteen out of the twenty-one members of the present Cabinet are "out to spend as much public money as they can lay their hands on." Mr. J. Harris Stone writes a curious article upon "Heart Burial," full of strange facts and anecdotes both gruesome and touching.

Fiction

Incompatible Novels

November Night. By the Author of "The House Made with Hands." (Arrowsmith. 7s. 6d.)
Players in the Dark. By Mrs. Fred Reynolds. (The Bodley Head. 7s. 6d.)
Avarice House. By Julian Green. (Ernest Benn. 7s. 6d.)
Me Gangster. By Charles Francis Coe. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)
God Got One Vote. By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan. (Ernest Benn. 7s. 6d.)

Of these five novels only one is worthy of remembrance. The nameless author of *The House Made with Hands* again quietly releases upon our attention one of her gentle, ruthless studies of a group of middle-class people forced into strange conflict and agonizing issue. Denise alone, by virtue of her art and her romance, belongs to "the aristocracy of passionate souls." Having lost her lover and her golden singing-voice, she marries Horace the plutocrat, because there seems nothing else for her listless self to do. The wound of her loss does not heal, and she covers it against crude contacts by bitter disdains and languid poses, till, like an illumination, the idea comes that she may justify her place in the cosmos by bringing into the world a new life on which she may spend her inhibited passion for giving. This novelist has the power of allowing her characters to express themselves by dialogue and reverie, without prejudicing the reader's mind by over-much comment. While she relates the nine months' struggle of Denise to keep her unborn child in a crystal quietude, safe from the vulgar intrusions of her family, the hungry paternity of her husband, the spiritual invasion of her brother Martin (her only intimate, fallen and importunate), she does not omit the hysteric motions, the cruel contempts of her feverish heroine; yet most of her readers will maintain sympathy for this half-morbid, half-fantastic, yet idealistic effort towards motherhood even to its anguished conclusion. That content and dithering mother of hers, that hard competent sister, exploiting her secret preoccupation, certainly justify her desire to escape from the "herd-existence"; and her nervous concentration on the symbolic life in the cocoon of the "hop-dog" is a delicately wrought detail. Yet the book as a whole does not leave so clear an impression as its two immediate predecessors. Horace, the husband, at once inveigles and irritates one's interest. Being very shrewd and kind on the whole, why should he blunder so obviously sometimes? The conclusion is really moving; whether Denise lives is left slightly obscure. I hope her arrogant supersensitive spirit does not remain to make meek amends to Horace and his particular Philistia. An absorbing, though unequal story this, wrapt in its November atmosphere of earth-mists, shooting meteors, late violets, and "holy souls"!

On a much more old-fashioned model is *Players in the Dark*, an over-sweet sentimental story, long drawn out. The scene is the Dorset sea-coast; the chief figures work out the pattern of Harlequin, Columbine, and Clown. The Columbine is meant to be a "faery child"; but is only a heartless minx, with tiresomely "glinting" blue eyes, and fatiguingly golden hair. Harlequin's form has lines "almost unbelievably perfect." The clown, so to speak, is the legless Peter, whose mind is almost incredibly noble. There is a saintly Rector, and a stern, stately Squire; and those who desire "a nice story" will like this very much indeed.

After reading *Avarice House*, however, the sternest anti-sentimentalist might experience a revulsion towards *Players in the Dark*. This is an unflinching, unmitigated study of the most inhuman of the Deadly Sins—one which may be "a good, old-gentlemanly vice" with man, but only a moral cancer in woman. The possessor of Ashley House—somewhere south of Washington—gives herself up to the passion of parsimony so completely that her creeping mania involves her mother and daughter. The description is biting; but since none of the three women is within the bounds of sanity, its interest seems merely pathological. The mind revolts at this icy mansion in hell; and the fire which, denied its kindly place on the hearth, is loosened by the crazed hand of the daughter, provides in the wild conflagration of the close the only moment of relief. From the translation one gathers that the novel is well enough written. But a theme like this would have to be superbly handled to become tolerable.

The titles of the last two novels on the list above shout aloud the place of their origin. Aesthetic beauty they have none. Any sociologist anxious for more impressions of the underground workings of the political organizations in the great American cities may find them of some interest; but the same indictments have been more concisely made by more accomplished writers. *Me—Gangster* has a certain vivid quality in the childishness of the mingled greed and violence of its young crook. *God Got One Vote* has a wider range, and gives the history of Patrick Van Hoos as a political boss from the days of McKinley to those of Wilson. The sentiment qualifying both books is of a cinema-like character; and when Guendolen, Patrick's daughter, who was once wild enough to go to a pyjama-party, curls round her defeated daddy in the end, saying that she is about to wed the pale young minister, and that in the recent election "God got one vote," we frankly fail to understand what divinity she is thinking about. Last year gave us so many good American novels that we have become exacting.

RACHEL ANNAND TAYLOR.

Current Literature

HENRY ALKEN. By Walter Shaw Sparrow. The first volume of the series "The Sport of Our Fathers." With an introduction by Sir Theodore Cook. (Williams and Norgate. 21s.)—The present high market value of old sporting prints and the numerous and confusing Alkens (all painters) give this volume on Henry Alken a double interest. Nomenclature in this Danish family varied between Samuels and Henrys, a fruitful cause of chagrin to many a collector from across the Atlantic. Mr. Shaw Sparrow comes, perhaps a little late, to the rescue. Moreover, he brings good tidings. All the happiest of Alken's work is still, he says, contained in three English collections. The letterpress is daunting at times. Dates in a biography ought to be stepping-stones, but Mr. Shaw Sparrow's dates do not help the reader to cross his river without wet feet. Another perplexing habit is his indiscriminate use of initials and names. Nevertheless, these very faults arise out of intimacy with and enthusiasm in his subject. Mr. Oliver Behrens, Lord Daresbury, and Mr. Oswald Magniac have made possible the superb illustrations in this volume. Henry Alken's wide rolling landscapes rank him very high indeed among landscape painters, and his horses are living thoroughbreds. The reproductions in this book do them no injustice. This is a most beautiful gift-book.

THE ARUNTA: A STUDY OF A STONE AGE PEOPLE. By Sir Baldwin Spencer and the late F. J. Gillen. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 36s.)—Working among the aborigines of Central Australia a generation ago, Messrs. Spencer and Gillen produced a first-hand account of the usages of these primitive

folk which has long been an anthropological classic. Mr. Gillen is dead, but his colleague, now Sir Baldwin Spencer, has recently restudied one tribe, the Arunta, and presents his somewhat modified conclusions in these two scholarly and finely illustrated volumes. Many of the groups which he knew have disappeared; few of the older men who knew the old customs and beliefs survive, and the younger men are indifferent to such things. The book is thus a record which can never be repeated; it provides a mass of minute details about ritual, beliefs, and customs which is invaluable to all students of early society and of the primitive mind. Sir Baldwin Spencer likes the black fellow and speaks well of him. One new conclusion to which he comes is that the word "Alchera" is not applied to any superhuman being and that it is in no sense identical with God.

McCLURE OF MILL HILL. A Memoir by his Daughter. With an Introduction by T. H. Darlow. (Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d.)—The late John David McClure died five years ago, but his memory is still green, and the uncommonly readable book which his daughter, Mrs. Ousey, has produced will delight his numerous friends and old pupils. He did not found Mill Hill, which dates back to 1807, but he re-established it on a surer basis. When, as an almost unknown and untried man, he was appointed head-master in 1891, there were sixty boys in the school; when he died in 1922 there were about four hundred. But McClure was not only a schoolmaster. He took an active part in the organization of those who are responsible for Secondary Education, and he was recognized as one of the leaders of Nonconformist opinion. The author cites many characteristic sayings, and old Millhillians recall anecdotes of their beloved Head. It is interesting to remember that McClure, already a Doctor of Laws of Cambridge, used his scanty leisure in middle life to qualify as Doctor of Music in London University. Indeed, he was known to a wide circle only as a musician.

THE IRON AGE IN ITALY. By David Randall-MacIver. (Clarendon Press. 84s.)—Much work has been done of late on the numerous prehistoric sites in Italy, and the characteristics of the various primitive peoples which Rome was afterwards to unify are slowly being defined. Dr. Randall-MacIver has devoted himself to the study of the Early Iron Age, immediately preceding the rise of Rome. Three years ago he put together all the evidence available for the early Etruscans and for a very different race—called Villanovans, because their first remains were found at Villanova outside Bologna. He has now continued his task by publishing the material available for Este and the lake region, for Picenum and for the South. A great deal of the matter will be entirely new to students, even in Italy, as the objects described and figured are in local museums. We must be content to emphasize the scientific importance of the book and the high artistic quality of many of the prehistoric cups and bowls, weapons and jewels, which are illustrated. The bronze situla or burial jar found at Certosa is a superb object, with its many figures in repoussé; the author regards it as Etruscan work, and thus affords fresh testimony to the artistic skill of that strange and terrible people.

Reference Books

Kelly's Post Office London Directory with County Suburbs, 1928. (Kelly's Directories. 55s.)——*Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage*, 1928. Edited by Arthur G. M. Hesilrige. (Dean and Son. 75s.)——*Burke's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage*, 1928. (Burke's Peerage, Ltd. £5 5s.)——*Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes*, 1928. (Kelly's Directories. 30s.)——*Chambers's Encyclopaedia. Vol. X. Teinds to Zyri. New Edition.* (W. and R. Chambers. 20s.)——*Royal Blue Book Court Guide*, 1928. (Kelly's Directories. 7s. 6d.)——*Guide to the Libraries of London.* Edited by R. A. Rye. (University of London. 10s.)——*Theobald on Wills.* Edited by J. L. Stirling. Eighth Edition. (Stevens and Sons. 50s.)——*The Girl's School Year-Book (Public Schools)*, 1927. (H. F. W. Deane. 7s. 6d.)——*Whitaker's Almanack*, 1928. (Whitaker and Sons, Ltd. 6s.)——*Official Year-Book of the Church of England*, 1928. (Church Assembly Press and Publications Board. 3s. 6d.)——*The Advertising Register*, 1928. (The Rolls House Publishing Co. 20s.)——*The Alliance Year-Book*, 1928. (The United Kingdom Alliance. 1s. 6d.)——*The Dorset Year-Book*, 1927. (The Society of Dorset Men in London. 2s. 6d.)——*The Churchman's Year-Book*, 1928. (A. R. Mowbray. 3s. 6d.)——*National Ancient Monuments Year-Book.* Edited by John Swarbrick. (The Wykeham Press. 3s. 6d.)——*The R.I.B.A. Kalendar*, 1927–1928. (The Royal Institute of British Architects. 3s. 9d.)——*The People's Year-Book.* (Co-operative Press Agency, Manchester. 3s.)——*Who's Who*, 1928. (A. & C. Black. 45s.)——*Institute of Chartered Accountants.* (Gee, 6 Kirby Street, E.C. 1. 2s.)

Westminster Bank Leaflets

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Motors and Motoring

Coach Work for 1928

[By Our Motoring Correspondent.]

Motoring is entering upon several new phases, and it will not be long before the movement expands rapidly in Europe, in application and in popularity.

Simple driving control, general reliability, good value, and ease of maintenance are the essential requisites, and it is because designers—and especially those in this country—have concentrated upon these points, during the last twelve months, with good results, that a wider use than heretofore of the private motor will be made during the next year or two.

Motoring is no longer a pastime. It is becoming a part of the national life, and can now be measured in terms of comfort and convenience.

The chassis maker has done his part; here, however, I am concerned with the general tendencies in coachwork, and although manufacturers of both chassis and bodies can still find room for progress, bodywork has been much advanced recently.

It is possible roughly to divide coachwork into two classes. First, there is the de luxe motor carriage, a type which combines the highest arts of the chassis and body builders. In this category, construction known as coach-built, together with varnished finish, is supreme; and for workmanship and excellence in artistic taste there is no country which can better our productions. Bodies of this order are not cheap to buy, while they call for a certain amount of care and attention in maintenance; and for these reasons, their selection is limited to the few. They stand alone, however, in degree of luxury, and are inseparably associated with such makes of chassis as Rolls-Royce, Daimler, Bentley, and Lanchester. In some cases the bodies are made in separate coach-building departments in the factories producing the chassis; but in the majority of instances they are individual productions of the old-established coach-building firms, such as Barker, Hooper, and the Connaught Motor and Carriage Company—to take but three examples.

Designers leave no stone unturned to provide the greatest measure of comfort, and progress in detail, construction, and finish is going on all the time.

THE MOST INTERESTING WAY OF LEARNING A LANGUAGE

WHAT READERS SAY OF THE NEW PELMAN METHOD OF LEARNING FRENCH, ITALIAN, SPANISH AND GERMAN.

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This is very important, because there is no doubt that one of the reasons why so many people fail to learn a Foreign Language is that after a few lessons they begin to lose interest and are bored by the pages and pages of grammatical rules and exceptions that they are usually required to learn before they are brought into contact with the language itself.

This is not the case with the Pelman method, which enables you to learn French, Italian, Spanish or German without a preliminary struggle with a mass of dull and difficult grammatical rules and exceptions. It introduces you to the actual living language straight away, and you pick up the grammar almost unconsciously as you go along.

This makes this method extremely interesting, as the following letters, from readers who have adopted it, indicate:—

"My progress in the French Course has been most satisfactory. I cannot speak too highly of your excellent and fascinating method of teaching." (B. 195)

"I have found the Italian Course as interesting and absorbing as the French Course. I am more than satisfied with the progress made, and consider your course is excellent." (I.B. 202)

"Having reached this stage in my course I feel I must say how interesting the study of the Spanish language is made. How many students of the language (learning in the 'old' way) can say with truth that it fascinates them, and that they cannot leave it, but want to know what is coming in the next few pages? Very few, I am sure. The ease with which the new words are acquired is no small characteristic of the Pelman method. They seem to 'stick' without any conscious effort. In short, the course is 'great'!" (S.W. 190)

"I can say with confidence that the claims made by the Institute as to the value of the course in German are not exaggerated. The interest of the study is maintained throughout." (G.S. 270)

"The Course is all you say it is. The lessons are really fascinating. The Pelman Institute has certainly put upon the market a method that is bound to stay." (H. 267)

"If Parts II and III prove as fascinating as Part I they will afford me much pleasure. I have never seen anything like it." (B. 213)

"I wish to tell you how very much I have enjoyed the Spanish Course through the Pelman Institute. I think the Course is most interesting and fascinating, and I thoroughly enjoyed the lessons." (S.H. 152)

"I think your method is the pleasantest method of learning a language imaginable. I always found languages a very difficult subject at school, but have had no difficulty whatever with the (French) Course." (P. 684)

"I find the (Italian) lessons fascinating. The more I read them the more I see how exceedingly clever the teaching is." (I.G. 145)

"I find your (German) system most ingeniously arranged. It is wonderful how rarely one has any difficulty in grasping the meaning of the new words. The 'no translation' system saves endless time and gives one a better grasp of the language in a much shorter time than the older methods." (G.C. 256)

"I was able to pass London Matriculation (taking Spanish) last June, with minimum labour and no drudgery, although I was always reckoned a 'dud' at languages." (S.B. 373)

Hundreds of similar letters could be quoted, and many others will be found in the printed description of this method which any reader can obtain to-day free of cost by writing for it to the address printed below.

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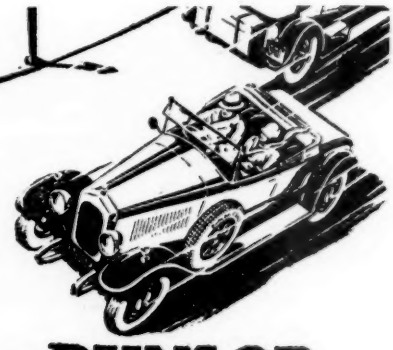

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The other class may be subdivided under two heads: flexible and all-metal bodies. Here, too, luxury can be obtained, and it is a very definite sign of the advancement which is being made that it can be had in good proportionate measure, even in inexpensive standard cars of to-day. The two methods of manufacture, however, have been largely evolved to save care and cost in maintenance; and thus constitute the popular styles for the large majority of cars built throughout the world at the present time.

First, as to the question of open and closed coachwork. It has been apparent, for some years now, to those in touch with the general tendencies of the motoring movement as a whole, that the open body, commonly known as the tourer, would give way to the closed or saloon pattern of coachwork. America has become the home of motoring, and it is but natural that the general trend of design there should exert considerable influence upon that in Europe. Even when the United States were producing a majority of open cars, in comparison to saloons, it was noticeable that makers did not trouble to fit hood rests. This was a small point, but one which, I remember, struck me forcibly four or five years ago. It showed clearly that the American motorist was then only buying a so-called open car because it was cheaper than a closed one. Designers over there realized this fact, with the result that they set to in earnest to produce shut bodies at a price which would be equivalent to that pertaining to the touring kind. This was achieved some little time ago, and to-day the open car, in America, is practically dead. Conditions in Europe differ, of course, considerably from those in the States; and, with relatively diminutive factory outputs, a problem, harder in many ways, was presented to British and Continental designers. Nevertheless the net outcome is that, generally speaking, the saloon type of car is now universal everywhere.

In America, the all-metal type of body, with cellulose or "hard" finish, was early adopted, and is now employed by all manufacturers there. These bodies are made up of large and often complicated pressings, which are welded or riveted and bolted together. The plan entails heavy initial expenditure in factory plant, and, for successful commercial results, a big output is a *sine qua non*. It is here that the arrangement suits the transatlantic manufacturer. Bodies of this kind (consisting as they do of but a few parts) can be made well, but very inexpensively and quickly. It is illuminating to instance that over a year ago there was a firm which, at the cost of over £2,000,000, laid down a body-building plant with a capacity of 1,500 bodies a day. Five miles of conveyors are employed. The all-metal body, in addition to its advantage of facilitating manufacture and providing assets to the motorist, is well suited to cellulose paint finish by spraying.

Among the bigger car chassis and body makers in Europe the scheme is followed; but clearly where outputs are comparatively small, it cannot be utilized economically. It is for this reason, therefore, that the fabric-covered body, both flexible and rigid, is being advocated in Great Britain and on the Continent. The flexible or Weymann pattern possesses definite advantages; but the principle of the fabric-covered body, from the owner-driver's standpoint, as with the cellulose-finished machine, is such that care and expense in maintenance are reduced. The prevalence of the fabric-covered body and the cellulose-finished, coach-built or metal-panelled body was most marked at the Motor Exhibition held at Olympia last October, and the noticeable change this year in the exterior decoration of cars, originating from Europe, is due to improved fabrics and to the extended use everywhere of cellulose paint. Fabrics can now be had in many colours. With varnish-paint, delicate and two-tone shades were formerly too extravagant to use on less expensive models. Now, with "hard" finish, even the cheapest cars can be made to look bright at small cost.

In Great Britain, a number of designers aim, at the present time, at a compromise between the closed and open bodies, and it is but just to say that a fair measure of success is being attained. This takes the form, as a rule, of a roof or a part of a roof which can, without difficulty, be wound back and down into a correct position, thus allowing passengers a full view, while they can be protected at the sides. This is, however, in my opinion, but a stepping stone towards the universal adoption, in Europe, of the closed body.

To summarize, then, we have progressed in coachwork, moving in three main directions. One, in the coach-built varnished body, suitable for the de luxe chassis; two, in the cellulosed finished all-metal body; and three, in the fabric-covered body. In detail construction, greater attention has been focussed, in 1928 models, upon improved accommodation and comfort, better protection, freer entrance and exit, and more efficient lighting and ventilation; while clear and often original thought is being brought to bear upon body construction in its relation to anchorage to the frame of the chassis. A good deal of development may be expected in the near future in this last-mentioned feature. The motor-car of to-day has finally cut adrift its connexion with the horse-drawn vehicle; and this is assuredly a sign of headway.

Insurance

REFLECTIONS ON NEW BUSINESS.

With laudable promptness, a number of Life Offices have already published the amount of the new business which they transacted last year. During the next few months we shall have corresponding information from all the companies, together with revenue accounts and balance sheets. There will also be, as indeed there has already been, some information about the bonuses to be paid this year.

Statistics of this kind suggest reflections which are not in all cases so satisfactory as they might be. The first is the comparatively trifling amount of life assurance that the English and Scottish offices as a whole issue year by year. On a fair basis of comparison, with Canada and the United States, the people in this country have a totally inadequate amount of life assurance. One of the excuses sometimes made, which cannot honestly be called one of the reasons given, for abstaining from life assurance, is that people can do better with their money in other ways. The chances of this are probably greater in Canada and the States than they are here, and yet in proportion to population and general financial conditions, there is a vast deal more life assurance there than in this country.

There are at least two reasons for this state of affairs. One is that on the other side of the Atlantic, life assurance is regarded as a serious and important matter. The men who seek to obtain proposals devote their whole time to the work, for which they are carefully trained and educated. Here it is possible for a manager, when asked for a list of his agents, to send for the Post Office Directory of London, and present that as his list. It cannot be expected that the casual agent can give any adequate reason for a man taking a policy, nor can such an agent be of any assistance in choosing the most suitable kind of assurance. True, these hangers-on mostly merely send names and addresses to the companies, and if the paid officials obtain the business, a commission is paid for the introduction. The two procedures are no bad indication of the esteem in which life assurance is held by the directors and managers of insurance companies on the two sides of the Atlantic.

A second reason for the paucity of results in this country is that the offices here do not, and the companies in Canada and America do, tell the story of life assurance through advertisement, and in other ways. Attempts were made recently to establish some co-operative system of advertising assurance in this country, but nothing practical resulted, and the consideration was postponed more or less indefinitely.

From the point of view of their existing policy holders, a comparatively small amount of new business is likely to be advantageous. New policy holders are expensive to obtain, and the improvement in mortality through an influx of recently examined lives may not compensate for the heavy expenditure which a large new business involves. Life offices, however, have a great public service to render, and they may well have regard to this, rather than to an economy of expenditure which may possibly produce some small increase in the bonuses to participating policy holders.

Another thought that comes when looking at these new business figures is that a great many of the people who have taken policies have not chosen them in such a way as to get the greatest advantage from life assurance that they might. Nothing can well be more certain than that a great many people take endowment assurances for comparatively short periods when they ought to take them for long periods or select whole-life or limited-payment life policies. Happily, perhaps, ignorance is bliss, and many of these people will never know how foolish they have been. If only the companies would train and educate their representatives, and at the same time educate the public, the advantages rendered by life assurance would be even greater than they are.

William Schooling.

Finance—Public and Private

Outlook for the New Year

If I were to give in a short paragraph the views hastily expressed at the end of 1927 concerning the prospects for 1928, I might say that, in the opinion of the average Stock Exchange and City man, the year is likely to be a good one, with increased prosperity very widely spread. A good deal of gold, it is thought, may come from New York to this country, with a beneficial effect upon our monetary conditions and upon British trade, while it is also hoped that a better feeling between Capital and Labour may help a trade revival in 1928. At the same time, even the optimists are not inclined to anticipate any great outburst of trade activity, but restraint in that direction is offset by the expectation that because of any trade revival being insufficiently marked materially to affect the Money Market, financial activities will be on a large scale, both as regards new capital issues and existing public securities.

Factors to be Considered.

So much for the general and rather superficial view. When we come to record the carefully considered views of financial and business experts, a rather different picture has to be presented. On the whole, there is, perhaps, no disposition seriously to challenge at any particular point the views of the optimists, but even at the very beginning of 1928 it is possible to discern certain factors which have to be taken into very careful consideration. In the first place, the year promises to be an eventful one in matters political. It is the year of the Presidential election in the United States; the French elections take place in the spring of the year and also the general elections in Germany. In this country no dissolution of Parliament is due until the spring of 1929, but coming events have a way of casting their shadows before, and in home politics we shall doubtless be more or less under the shadow of impending elections.

French Monetary Policy.

In France, however, the impending election has a special significance for Money Markets the world over, by reason of the extent to which French monetary policy may be affected. Rightly or wrongly, it is believed that if M. Poincaré comes back to power France will immediately proceed definitely to stabilize her currency. It is a step which, in a sense, will be welcomed as a most important contribution to stability of exchanges all the world over, but, in view of the fact that the Bank of France is now believed to have foreign balances to the equivalent of about £200,000,000 at various monetary centres, its effect upon the Money Markets in London and New York is somewhat difficult to foresee. Again, too, it remains to be seen what may be the effect of preparations for the Presidential election upon the course of business and financial activities in the United States.

Reparations.

It is impossible to consider the prospect of the general elections in Germany without also bearing in mind the growing importance of the problem of German Reparations. This is a matter with which I have on a previous occasion dealt very fully in the *Spectator*, but readers of these articles may, perhaps, again be reminded that the gravity of this problem consists, first, in the fact that during the next year or two the total of Reparation payments rises to a level which will make it difficult for Germany to effect the necessary remittances abroad without endangering the position of her currency. In the second place, as these heavy Reparation payments begin to press upon the German people, it seems likely that the further question will be pressed home as to how long the payments are to continue. For it must be remembered that at present, under the Dawes Scheme, there is really no finality to the series of payments, and unquestionably Germany is likely to press sooner or later for the adoption in place of the Dawes Plan of some arrangement securing finality in the matter of Reparations. Whether the problem is one which will become acute during the current year remains to be seen, but it is certainly one of the factors which cautious people are keeping carefully in mind.

Monetary Prospects.

While, however, by no means underrating the influence of political developments upon the general financial situation and the course of securities, it will usually be found that over a long period the trend of money rates is the most powerful factor and, therefore, the question which most thoughtful people are asking to-day is, What are the monetary prospects for 1928? If it were not for one very important consideration I should be inclined to assert that, having regard to hopes of better trade and the continued demands for capital, money rates will be no easier and may, perhaps, be a trifle firmer than in the year which has closed. The mere fact of the large French balances at various monetary centres would be among the reasons I should give for this view, while I might also be disposed to dwell upon the extent to which in this country bankers' advances already bear a high proportion to the total of deposits. I am, however, reminded that among the influences affecting money rates during the past year probably the greatest was the co-operation between the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Bank in New York, and, indeed, the Central Banks of all the leading monetary centres. That co-operation during the past year undoubtedly resulted in easier money rates both in London and in New York than might otherwise have prevailed, and during this present year, should this co-operation be fully maintained, it is conceivable that the general value of money *may* be slightly lower rather than higher when compared with 1927.

Stock Market Prospects.

Assuming, however, that central banking co-operation continues and that as a result money rates are no higher and, perhaps, are slightly easier than in 1927, I think the general consensus of opinion in the City with regard to public securities favours a further upward movement in prices. As to whether the movement will be most pronounced in British Funds and kindred stocks, or in the speculative and more variable dividend group, depends, I think, to some extent upon the policy of the British Government. If there were to be real economy in the National Expenditure, followed by a reduction in taxation, there is little doubt that a rise in British Government securities might constitute one of the leading features of 1928. Without such economy, however, I confess that I find it difficult to discover justification for the expectation of anything more than firmness, with, perhaps, just a slight advance. In the case of many of the variable dividend stocks, however, the City is inclined to take a favourable view with regard to New Year prospects, and one is inclined to think that these groups of stocks have, as it were, a kind of double chance. If, for example, the rise in gilt-edged stocks should not materialize, then attention may be centred more completely upon the more variable dividend group. If, on the other hand, British Government stocks should rise, experience shows that there is generally a tendency for other markets to be dragged up in sympathy, especially the speculative investment group. Activity in new capital flotations also promises to be a feature of the year.

The Trade Outlook.

As regards trade prospects in 1928, much must depend upon the progress made in the co-operative movement between Capital and Labour. Wherever the fault may lie, there can be no question that our industrial strength has been feebly exerted ever since the War. If our care for the unemployed and the aged, as displayed in doles and pension schemes, had been accompanied by an equal zeal for the welfare of industry itself, and by a determination to discourage slackness and inefficiency while encouraging industry and thrift, our trade position would be very different from what it is to-day. Wholesale prices may have declined heavily in recent years, but retail

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Circumstances over which no one has any control have made it almost impossible for me to touch the piano this winter, and I was discouraged about my fingers, because, though I do not play a great deal nowadays, I like to be able to when called upon, without making a mess of it. To be able to forget about technique is as necessary as it is to be well dressed in order not to feel conscious of one's clothes. I was trying to invent some exercises when I discovered the Cowling system. This proved to be exactly what I wanted. I wish I had known of it years ago. Good silent exercises that don't get on my nerves or anyone else's. For the student, in whatever school he is studying, they must be a priceless boon. For professionals or amateurs, temporarily parted from their instruments (and the system is designed for violinists and 'cellists as well) the difficulty of keeping their hands in perfect condition is solved. It can be done in the train, in the hotel, in bed, anywhere you like, in fact.

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I cannot enter into any more details without divulging secrets, but I hope I have said enough to impress you with the advisability of having the Cowling system as a supplement to study, to avoid that worst drudgery of practice, the noisy reiteration of scales and exercises designed solely to keep the fingers suppl . The time thus saved can be more interestingly spent in the pursuit of touch, rhythm and interpretation.

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prices and what may be termed internal price levels, as applied, for instance, to the building and kindred industries, remain at a point which may well account for some of the unemployment which prevails and for the general high cost of living. It will take a long time to straighten out this industrial and social tangle, and that is why, although there may be reason to hope for somewhat better trade in the near future, there are no signs that 1928 will be characterized by an industrial boom.

A Summary.

On the whole, therefore, I am disposed to think that, in the absence of untoward financial or political developments, the New Year may be characterized by steady and perhaps slightly easier money rates, with a slightly upward tendency in investment stocks, and a more pronounced rise in some of the variable dividend stocks. As regards Foreign Exchanges, there seems good reason for hoping that the steadiness of the past year may be maintained and may be emphasized if France, in the meantime, should stabilize the franc. As regards new loans, both domestic and foreign, I am inclined to think that even the high figures of last year may be surpassed.

Arthur W. Kiddy.

Financial Notes

Government Loan Success.

The Government can be congratulated upon the immediate success which attended the cash portion of its new issue of 5 per cent. Treasury Bonds of which I gave some particulars in this column last week. The bonds, which bear interest at 5 per cent., were offered both to cash subscribers and to holders of obligations maturing next September. The issue price to cash subscribers was 101 and the prospectus stated that the lists for such subscribers would be closed "by or before the 4th January." As a matter of fact, the lists were shut on Friday, December 30th, the Treasury having evidently secured sufficient funds to meet all obligations maturing in March and April next. On the other hand, the lists for converting next September maturities remain open until the 11th inst., and, because I know that the *Spectator* reaches many who are not in daily touch with financial affairs in the City, I am glad to take this opportunity of drawing their attention to the advantages which accrue to them from conversion. In the first place, the premium at which their existing bonds stand is duly recognized in the terms on which they can convert. In the second place, although the new bonds into which they exchange are short-dated, holders will have the option for the next eighteen months, at certain periods, of changing into a long-dated Government stock on satisfactory terms. In the third place, the present upward trend of securities suggests that holders of these maturing Government bonds will be well advised to accept the present offer rather than to run the chance of being able to reinvest their capital next September on as good terms.

* * * *

The National Revenue.

At first sight the Revenue Returns for the first nine months of the current year, which were issued on December 31st, are rather alarming, the statement showing a deficit up to that date of about £150,000,000. As a matter of fact, however, and unless there should be unpleasant surprises in the next three months, the chances are that the financial year will end next March with a small surplus. I base this expectation first on the fact that Mr. Churchill is benefiting greatly by windfalls in the shape of unexpectedly heavy revenues from Estate Duties. In the second place, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in his last Budget provided from various quarters for an extra £30,000,000 of revenue which has not yet been ingathered. In the third place, the big deficit up to date is partly due to expenditure for the entire year by the Exchequer for the Sinking Fund having been somewhat anticipated. In the fourth place, it is always in the final quarter of the year that the Income and Super Tax flow in with great rapidity.

* * * *

Bankers' Clearings.

If evidence were required as to the extent of financial activities in the past year it is certainly furnished in the annual statistics of the clearing of cheques through the Bankers' Clearing House. The grand total of such clearings in 1927 amounted to £441,550,541,000, being an increase over the previous year of £1,725,487,000, or 4·3 per cent. Of course, the year 1926 was an abnormal year owing to the unfavourable effects of the coal stoppage. If comparison, however, is made with 1925, which was a record year as regards the total of bankers' clearings, an increase is also shown of £1,113,422,000, or 2·7 per cent.

A. W. K.

Answers to Indian Questions

1. Hinduism, Mahomedanism, and the Sikh religion.——2. Hyderabad, about the size of Great Britain.——3. The bite of the rat-flea.——4. Burma.——5. 16; and 100,000.——6. The way to India by land across Egypt before the Suez Canal was dug.——7. Hindustani (or Urdu); and Hindi.——8. The Mogul Emperor Shah Jehan.——9. Like a Deputy Commissioner, he is the chief magistrate and administrative officer of a "district," or subdivision of about a million people, in British India.——10. In 1858, after the Mutiny.——11. A few, in Kathiawar.——12. A masonry arch, on the Apollo Bunder, or landing-place at Bombay, built to commemorate the visit of the present Emperor.——13. Agriculture.

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